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J. WELLS SMITH KILLED WHILE SAWING TIMBER

Well-Known Resident of Howard Twp. Victim of Sad Accident.

DRAGGED INTO PULLEY

John Wells Smith, a well-known resident of Howard Township, while operating a saw mill on Wallace Run, fifteen miles from Montoursville, last Friday, was caught in a line shafting and killed almost instantly. News of his death was received with sincere sorrow by a wide circle of friends among whom he was universally popular. On learning of the accident John Weber and Charles Pletcher, of Howard, went to Montoursville and accompanied the remains to the Smith home, near Howard. Burial was made on Tuesday.

From what may be learned of the accident it seems that Mr. Smith was sawing logs at his mill when a belt slipped off a small pulley. He undertook to adjust the belt when his clothing was caught in the shafting and he was hurled violently to the floor. It was supposed that he was rendered unconscious by the blow. Before others had learned of what had happened Mr. Smith's body had been pounded against the timbers a number of times and life rendered extinct.

In addition to the sawmill near Montoursville Mr. Smith operated two other mills, one of which was located at Romola. It had been his hope that by another year or two he would be in position to relinquish active lumbering operations and enjoy a less strenuous life. Two years ago or more Mr Smith became quite well-known throughout Centre County as an aspirant for the Republican nomination for Recorder. While he did not achieve his aspirations, he made a most pleasing impression among the voters of the county. Mr. Smith was married twice. He is survived by his second wife and a son and four daughters, children to the first wife.

Board of Trade Officers.

Last Thursday evening the Bellefonte Board of Trade held a meeting in the public hall on Howard Street. The attendance was good and there was a greater determination shown to put forth a special effort this year to secure active industries than at any previous meeting. A number of things was suggested to put more "pep" into theorganization, thus making it a live wire during the coming year. One of the chief transactions during this meetingwere the election of officers for the ensuing year which are as follows: President, Robert; Hunter; Vice-Presidents, Joseph L. Montgomery and Edward H. Richard; Treasurer, Charles M. McCuady; Secretary, William T. Kelly. These are all active business men of the community who have made a success of their private affairs and there is little doubt but that they will do their best to secure during the present year, something that will enliven the town. Of course they cannot do it themselves. They must have the co-operation of every business man in the town who would be more or less benefited should some industry be brought here.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Miles Jackson, Margaret Elizabeth Wian.	Youngstown, O Bellefonte
Michael Buckeye, Anna Callis,	Osceola Mills Philipsburg
Charles Bilinskey, Annie Waxmunsky,	Clarence "
Joseph A. Bedner, Mary E. Kachik,	Clarence "
Harold A. Holter, Dora S. McMurtrie,	Mill Hall Spring Mills
John H. Dutrow, Alice L. Heckman,	Centre Hall " "
John W. Emenhiser, Vida M. Spicer,	State College " "
W. C. Woolford, Sarah M. Confer,	State College " "

Will go to Chester Co.

Hon. Charles E. Patton, Secretary of Agriculture in Governor Brumbaugh's Cabinet, at Harrisburg, has decided to leave Carwensville, the home of the Pattons, and move to Chester county where he has purchased one of the best farms in that county. He therefore has made arrangement to sell his farms and personal effects in Clearfield county. He will be missed in the community where he was born and raised.

W. L. Daggett, the popular and affable proprietor of the Bush House, has been missed from his place in the office this week. The cause is he was threatened with pneumonia, but we are glad to say that he is improving.

SPORTS AT CAMP MEADE

Y. M. C. A. Arranges Various Games for Benefit of Soldiers.

Offhand, you might think that a man has drilled all day he would be tired enough to sit down quietly. For hundreds of soldiers, however, recreation comes in playing a game rather than in doing anything else, and in this way they get the kind of rest they need.

During the last two weeks athletics have been developing rapidly at Camp Meade under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. camp athletic director. Basket ball, soccer and boxing are in full swing. Considerable impetus was given to the latter sport by a series of three bouts held in the main Y. M. C. A. auditorium New Year's day—a splendid exhibition of clean sportsmanship. Boxing matches are held regularly also in the several Y. M. C. A. bungalows in regulation size rings, one of which was attended a few days ago by Gen. Nicholson and his staff. Skilled men of every profession, as well as men of no profession, constitute the draft army at Camp Meade, just as they do throughout the country, and it is no great trouble to find men in each company who have had experience in the ring. One reason for the development of this particular science is the close relationship which exists between it and bayonet fighting.

But soccer and basket ball do not take second place to boxing, as will be seen by the following schedule, which has been worked out and put into operation. Seventeen soccer teams, composed of drafted men, have been chosen by the athletic officers of the several units, and thirty-four basket ball teams have also been chosen, twenty of drafted men and fourteen of officers, the men's teams being divided into three leagues and the officers' into two. Four soccer games are played each afternoon three days a week and the schedule is thus arranged that each team plays three games within two weeks. The basket ball schedule has been prepared so that four games will be played Wednesday afternoons and Thursday and Saturday nights, and six games Saturday afternoons. The Y. M. C. A. auditorium has two courts which may be used at the same time and all of the scheduled games will be played there except two on Saturdays, which will be played in the Knights of Columbus hall. Every basket ball team plays one game a week in the course of two months, which will be required to run off the schedule, and in that time will meet every other team of the league. Each bungalow is equipped for basket ball, and each bungalow athletic secretory has worked out a schedule with the result that every individual regiment will have nearly as many basket ball and soccer teams as are representing the regiments in the leagues.

Other sports than basket ball, soccer and boxing are being introduced constantly, so that those who wish recreation in sport will find the kind that appeals to them. There is no time of the day from reveille to taps that the Y. M. C. A. does not offer some form of physical activity to the soldiers.

Make Your War Income Tax Return

At the request of the Government, we wish to direct your attention to the imperativenecessity for making your income tax return before March 1st. Don't think the Income Tax law doesn't apply to you. You may be pretty sure that it does. Did your salary, or wages or income amount to $84.33 a month (that is $1,000 a year or over) during 1917! If so and you are not married, you must make a statement of this income to the Government. If you are married, or support a family, it will not be necessary for you to make an income tax return unless it amounted to $166.66 a month (that is, $2,000 a year or over.)

Central Penna. M. E. Conference

The Central Penna. M. E. Conference of which Bellefonte and Centre county is a part, will convene in Newberry, a suburb of Williamsport, on Wednesday, March 20th. It is said there will be quite a number of changes throughout the conference. Dr. Evans, of Tyrone, who has had charge of this district for several years will give his place to somebody else. Dr. Ezra Yocum will go there with a good report from the Bellefonte charge. The presiding officer will be Bishop W. F. McDowell.

Buy a War Stamp.

The people in Bellefonte and throughout Centre County should buy War Saving Stamps. Any banker in Centre County will tell you that they are giltedged investment at four per cent. You can get them at any post office, bank or trust company. They cost 25 cents. The government must have the money.

J. CALVIN GATES DIES WHILE ON DUTY IN FRANCE

First Centre Countian's Death Abroad Since War Began.

NATIVE OF GATESBURG

John C Gates, a native of Gatesburg, is the first Centre Countian to die in France during the present war. Word of his death was received last Saturday from Adjutant General McClain, who explained that it was due to an "undetermined cause."

The deceased was a member of the United States Railway Engineering Corps. He enlisted Sept. 7, 1917, being assigned to Co. A, Twenty-first Regt. Railway Engineers, with headquarters at Rockford, Ill. In December he spent a short furlongh at the parental home at Tyrone, and soon after his return to camp he was ordered to France, evidently having arrived there only a short time ago.

John Calvin Gates was a son of Isaac A. and Nancy Ellenberger Gates, and was born at Gatesburg on August 23, 1892. Previous to his enlistment he was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. at Tyrone Scales. He was a quiet, unassuming young man whose friendship was cherished by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was a member of the First Lutheran Sunday school of Tyrone.

Surviving to mourn his death besides the parents are the following brothers and sisters: Edith, Edgar and Samuel, of Tyrone; Wilson, of Altoona, and Isaac, of Harrisburg.

Efforts are now being made to have the remains returned to Tyrone for burial, but as yet nothing definite is known

Red Cross Membership.

The Christmas membership campaign conducted by the Bellefonte Chapter of the American Red Cross, resulted in the enrollment of over 3000 members, which exceeds the quota for the Chapter by 1000. The delay in making public these results was due to the extreme cold and heavy snow which interfered with the work throughout the county. Many of the auxiliaries continued their campaign for a longer time than originally planned, but the following results show that it was well worth the waiting:

Bellefonte	2080
Milesburg	211
PleasantGap	151
Unionville	132
Howard	112
Aaronsburg	81
Zion	75
Rebersburg	51
Blanchard	47
Port Matilda	47
Hublersburg	16
Total	3003

The manager of the campaign wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the committee and all those who assisted in the work, as it was due to their efforts that the above results were achieved.

Keep This in Mind.

The County Commissioners recently published a notice in every newspaper in Centre County notifying owners of dogs that applications for dog licenses must be filed with the County Treasurer. This was done to inform the public that such applications should not be sent to the County Commissioners. Notwithstanding the notice so given, each mail brings a half-dozen or more applications for dog licenses addressed to the County Commissioners, which only complicates matters. Once again we would notify everybody that such applications should be addressed to the County Treasurer.

Special Meetings

Rev. Howard S. Crammer, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Port Matilda is making arrangements to start a revival of religion on next Sunday evening. To this end he has made an earnest appeal to the members of the church to be up and doing and work while it is called day for the night cometh when no man can work. The aim will be to reach every individual in the community who is not a christian. The effort will succeed if every member of the church will do his or her part.

Going to France as a Nurse.

Miss Anna Stover, of Altoona, has registered as a nurse in the United States War Department and has reported for duty at Camp Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas. She will be in training there for a few weeks and then will go to France. She is a daughter of Mrs. Sarah Stover, of Centre Hall, and is quite well known in Bellefonte. Miss Stover is a graduate of the Altoona hospital.

HIT BY BLIZZARD

Terrific Storm That Paralyzed West Sweeps Over Eastern States.

The blizzard that tied up all traffic throughout the West and shut off Chicago from all communication by rail for several days, swept over the eastern States on Monday and virtually stalled business of all kinds. In local sections a foot or more of snow fell Monday night and Tuesday morning, and beginning about noon Tuesday a storm that reached the proportions of a gale pounded the snow into drifts that choked railroads and highways. All trains due in Bellefonte were from two to five hours late and mail and express connections were abandoned in the general effort to open traffic for passengers. The afternoon train on the Tyrone & Lewisburg branch due here shortly after 4 o'clock, was stalled by heavy snow drifts enroute and did not arrive until long after dark.

The storm conditions added to the gravity of the coal famine and anticipated shipments failed to materialize. Railroad men expressed the belief on Tuesday night that it would be days before the results of the storm could be eliminated and the task of breaking the coal congestion resumed at the point where it was necessarily dropped Monday night. Comparatively little coal was shipped intoBellefonte during the present week. Several cars of bituminous coal were dragged through the snow-clogged roads, but shipments of anthracite failed to show up and dealers viewed the outlook with anything but encouragement.

Capt. Theodore Boal Selected.

One of the citizens of Centre County who is playing a prominent part in the war against the Kaiser is Captain Theodore Davis Boal, of Boalsburg, and his name will be conspicuous among others when the history of the war is written. When the troops were called to the Mexican border, nearly two years ago, Captain Boal organized and equipped the Boal Machine Gun Troop (now Co. A of the 107th Machine Gun Battalion) which he commanded while they were in service.

When the war was declared with Germany the Troop went to Camp Hancock and is fulfilling a great mission there. In the meantime Capt. Boal became a personal aide to Gen. C. M. Clements and with him went to France and looked over the situation there. He came back and after Gen. Clement's retirement he accompanied him to Sunbury. He afterwards went to Camp Hancock. Gen. Muir was then appointed to Gen. Clement's place and recently Capt. Boal was appointed his aide. He is a very valuable man, especially should they be taken to France, where Capt. Boal is practically at home.

Conference with Physicians.

First Lieut. H. A. Albrecht, Medical Reserve Corps, will arrive in Bellefonte today for a conference with Dr. Kidder and Dr. Reed, examining physicians for the Centre County Exemption Board. The consultation will have to do with physical examinations of drafted men to be called from time to time under the new questionnaire system. The first group to be called, and likewise the first to be examined, will be the men who under the questionnaire system are classified in Class A-1, made up of single men. No formal orders have been received designating when they will be called for examination, but it is believed that they will not be summoned for a month at least.

Registrants Anxious.

The Bellefonte exemption board is being besieged just now unnecessarily by registrants, who call at the office to ask what is meant by the post cards sent them. The post cards now being mailed out designate the class to which the registrant is assigned. It reads further that in case the registrant is not satisfied with the decision of the local board, an appeal can be made within five days. Unfortunately a number of registrants do not read the card, apparently, and erroneously interpret the meaning that they must call at the board's office in five days and they are therefore not only wasting their own time but that of the board members also. This post card will be followed in the near future by a smaller card which designates the permanent classification, and unless the registrant protests within the prescribed five days, the class indicated in the first card prevails.

A Little Freight Wreck.

Just after dinner on Saturday there was a freight wreck at Curtin station which caused the Pennsy-Lehigh flyer to be about five hours late. Two cars on an east bound freight jumped the track and tore it up for a considerable distance. Fortunately nobody was hurt.

MANUFACTURING STOPPED 5 DAYS TO SAVE COAL

All Stores and Theatres Ordered Closed Next Ten Mondays.

TAKES EFFECT FRIDAY

A drastic order to overcome the coal famine, issued last night by National Fuel Administrator Garfield, at Washington, directs that beginning tomorrow morning all manufacturing plants east of the Mississippi river, except those producing food, shall close for five days, and during the next ten weeks shall close on Mondays and holidays. Even such manufacturing plants as have coal on hand will not be permitted to operate during the closed period.

Stores and office buildings will not close during the five day period, but will not be open on Monday for ten weeks.

Banks and trust companies are not included in the order, but Governors of States may order them included if deemed advisable.

Theatres will be closed each Monday for ten weeks.

During the period above described all coal must go to railroads, households, public utilities, ships, military and naval stations and camps and public buildings.

Young Man, You Can Volunteer.

It is the impression with many that voluntary enlistments in the U. S. Army have ceased. This is not the case.

All men not registered between the ages of 18 and 40 are eligible for enlistment in the U. S. Army.

All branches of the service are now open, viz: Cavalry, Engineers, Signal Corps, Regular Army, including the Aviation Section, Quartermaster Corps, Field Artillery, Infantry, Hospital Corps, including the Ambulance Department and Coast Artillery.

Trades of all kinds are required in the Engineers, Quartermaster Corps and Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. Skilled workmen in the Aviation Section rank as Corporals and Sergeants.

Uncle Sam provides for dependents under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Insurance Bill, as follows; Wife, $15 per month; wife and child, $25 per month; wife and two children, $32.50 per month, and $5 per month for each additional child. Each dependent parent $10 per month. Allowances not to exceed $50 per month.

Insurance in any amount from $1,000 to $10,000 can be obtained at a very small charge per month.

Apply at any recruiting station or postmaster for full information.

HENRY L. HARRIS, JR.
1st Lieut. U. S. A. Retd.
Recruiting Officer.

The New Dog Law.

Many persons are more or less confused as to the terms of the new dog license law. Inquiries have been received at The Republican office as to whether dogs must be confined within an enclosure or accompanied by the owner at all hours of the day and night. On this point the law says:

"The owner or keeper of every dog shall at all times between sunset and sunrise of each day, keep such dogs, either (a) confined within an enclosure from which it cannot escape, or (b) firmly secured by means of a collar and chain or other device so that it cannot stray beyond the premises on which it is secured, or (c) under the reasonable control of some person, or when engaged in lawful hunting accompanied by an owner or handler."

All dogs six months old, or over, must be licensed.

Huntingdon Soldier Dead

The firstHuntingdon soldier to lose his life in the campaign against the central powers was Joseph Robinson, twenty-eight years old, according to a telegram received this week by his widow. Robinson was born and brought up in Huntingdon he had a large acquaintance among the young men of the town and was noted for his jolly disposition. He was transferred a few weeks ago from a southern camp to France, and while unloading a supply ship his skull was fractured causing his death.

Farmers' Institutes.

Three sections of Centre County will be privileged to enjoy farmers' institutes next month. The places for holding the meetings and dates selected are as follows:

Port Matilda, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8 and 9.

Centre Hall, Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 12 and 13.

Spring Mills, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13 and 14.

SCHOOL CHILDREN HELP

Recent Red Cross Drive Secured $200 from 800 Students Here.

Prof. Jonas E. Wagner, the efficient and worthy superintendent of the Bellefonte public schools, with the co-operation of the large corps of teachers, has succeeded in meeting the requirements to establish a School Auxiliary to the American Red Cross Society, which is considered a great honor. Eight hundred school children have each contributed 25 cents, which makes a total of $200 to the Red Cross. There are a number of teachers in the schools who previous to Christmas, joined the Red Cross Society and, of course, paid the regular price of $1.

However, it is a great consolation on the part of Superintendent Wagner to know that the work has been taken up so cheerfully by the teachers and students which has made it such a grand success. Boys and girls, as they are now, will soon grow into manhood and womanhood and look back with pride to the time when they gave their bit to help defeat the Kaiser and bring peace to all the world.

Superintendent Wagner has secured a handsome service flag for the High School. Nine stars on the flag testify to the fact that nine students have gone to the front in defense of the nation.

A Runaway Horse.

"Joe" Stock, a Hungarian, who lives up Buffalo Run, and his horse have been having a novel experience of late. About two months ago the horse and "Joe" went through the bridge at Roopsburg, when one man was nearly drowned and the buggy was a wreck. Wednesday afternoon "Joe" came to Bellefonte and tied the horse in front of Olewine's hardware store, on High Street. The animal evidently became cold and began prancing around. Along came a boy on a sled when the animal frightened and tore loose from the hitching post and made a "bee line" for the P. R. R. depot. It came down the hill with lightning speed and when in front of Mrs. Tanner's boarding house the conveyance fell on its side and in a few minutes afterwards the top of the buggy was separated from the running gears and lay scattered over the street. The animal became detatched from them and ran like a race hoase, nearly all the harness being stripped from him. The animal was caught on its way home.

Sugar Unclaimed.

Much mystery surrounded a carload of sugar which is now standing on the Chautauqua branch of the Pennsylvania railroad at Chautauqua, N. Y., where it has been for nearly three weeks, consigned to F. S. Welch, a person who is unknown in that section.

This carload of sugar has been out of reach of customers who are badly in need of it. The people are speculating as to whether this transaction is a part of the scheme of food pirates to withhold food supplies from the market to bolster up prices, and if so how many more carloads of food of various kinds are thus drawn out of the channels of trade by being shipped to other places throughout the country.

This sugar deal has been reported to the government food administrator at Washington for his investigation.

Spring Primaries May 21.

The primary election will come this year as late as it is possible under the law, falling on May 21, but within two months from Friday the petitions of candates will be in circulation.

On March 2 the petitions of state-wide candidates may be put in circulation and March 23 those for local candidates can be put out. April 11 is the last day for filing petitions of state candidates and April 23 the last day for filing petitions of local candidates.

Nomination papers for candidates of parties that now have no legal place on the ballot may be filed any time up to Sept. 6.

Returned Deserters

Privates Don Richard and John W. Robinson, of Altoona, whose companies are stationed at Camp Hancock, Ga., and from where they deserted several months ago were returned for court martial Friday morning by a guard sent here by their officers. Richard is a member of Company G, Blair county, in the 110th regiment, while Robinson was attached to Company I, 112th Pennsylvania infantry, commanded by Colonel George Kemp. The latter left soon after he enlisted and a brother who deserted, was captured when officers sought the elder Robinson.

Alvin G. McMillan, formerly of Bellefonte, and Miss Mary Mott, of this place, were married last Friday. They will reside in Harrisburg.

Bett in Bohemia

By M. Ways

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Max and Bett lived in Paris, and they were really "a very conventional, humdrum pair," so people said with a yawn. He, a successful journalist, clever, diplomatic, indifferent. She, the usual American woman—with only a pair of expressive blue eyes—but then people didn't know.

To the polite concierge who rented them the little apartments in a one-time chateau, somewhere in the Latin Quarter, they seemed most quiet and business like, asked few questions, didn't concern themselves about the lodgers, and paid the rent on time.

The two, free from old "lynx-eye," as they called the poor concierge, behaved very queerly as soon as they were in their own rooms.

The morning it all happened Max was off on a trip to Fontainbleu to write up some stuff for his American paper. Bett was usually too busy in the morning to indulge in day dreams or curl herself in an armchair for a "grand read," as she called it, but somehow today the sun swept gloriously over the little garden back of the chateau. Even the undergrowth of tangled vines looked fresher than the greenest of French grass, as Bett decided, work or no work, out she had to go for a tramp in the sunshine.

As she bolted the door shut with a bang, down clattered a small but sparsely clad Venus to the floor, and Max's papers, which she had so carefully assorted in a stray mood of tidiness, whirled over the rugs like the settling of a flock of white pigeons.

A year's hard work hadn't worn off the enthusiasm Bett still felt as she strolled along the busy thoroughfare, drawing in that intoxicating atmosphere of Paris one feels but can't define, while weekly, across the ocean, letters went home; wild, crazy letters of their housekeeping in Bohemia, gay evenings at the cafes, jaunts to Versailles, occasionally a night at the opera. They quite forgot to mention Max's midnight work, long after the last reveller had straggled home from the artists' ball at the Ballier or Bett's merry-making despite the slim viands Henri was ordered to bring. Meanwhile the small, black stocking, Bett's National Savings Bank, grew heavier and heavier with money to go home.

It was this very morning, the same that Bett's upward spirit would prowl around the Luxembourg (or take a peep for the fiftieth time at the Nike Apteros, with the luxury of a lunch at the cafe) that at 4 o'clock to her dismay, she remembered Max was to return an hour earlier and she had quite forgotten her promise to copy his "correspondence," that must get off in the outgoing steamer, and poor Max would be so tired, Bett thought. With her usual impetuous rush she ran wildly after a vanishing train, finally landing on the step. In close relationship to the astonished conductor, whose little black moustachio curled up higher than ever when he discovered a very flushed and pretty young girl flung suddenly his way. The chateau soon came in sight and still rushing Bett ran up the dark old stairway, three steps at a time—when thud!—down the stairway with a terrific noise clattered a curiously black mass which never stopped bumping till the ground floor was reached. Bett stood paralyzed and then with a grasp of fright hurried down. There, between dismay and surprise, she picked up a man. A strange man in the chateau, and Max had never told her, thought Bett in an aggrieved way. While she called for the concierge and lifted him as tenderly as she could to an old couch, there flashed through her mind visions of a slenderly clad pink-robed damsel who careered over the house frequently by day, but more frequently by night, peering out of the various windows, sometimes hauling fruit up from the street with a rope and basket, not to mention such unromantic things as a beefsteak, onions or carrots. Then how she did walk around in all the unused rooms and—horrors—she and Max sometimes would roar and sing coon songs far into the night, or Max would harangue an imaginary audience with criticisms on his last brilliant novel. All these wild carousels and she never knew there was a soul in hearing distance.

Aided by the distracted concierge they carried him as best they could to his rooms—Bett mentally noting she had been in this room on several occasions—where he lay groaning for days with a broken arm, which to Bett was anything but soothing as she had knocked him down the steps. There never was a better nurse than Max; day and night he stayed with the unknown lodger, never tired of reading or writing for him, lifting him with the ease of a child, caring for him as a life-time friend might have done.

Bett, with a very low ebb of moral courage, hung on the outskirts of the sick room, usually planning her vigils when he was too fast asleep to see the destroyer of part of his anatomy.

Max and the victim of the "back-stair plot," as Bett always called the invalid, had many a laugh at her expense, for with daily protestations she vowed she was growing thin with remorse, and confided in Max her dread of seeing the maimed lodger face to face.

Summer had come. The chestnut trees along the Champs-Elysees had long ago blossomed and now stood in all their wealth of green; up and down the Seine steamed the crowded mouchs and hirondelles, through the Rue de Rivoli thronged happy tourists on great shopping expeditions, the Louvre too, overflowed with eager-eyed students, art lovers and pessimistic connoisseurs. Even the Avenue de l'Opera groaned with creaking cab wheels, moving pedestrians, sightseers and the insistent stream of street vendors. The titled, the rich, those for their health and those without health had all left Paris—still Max and Bett worked, played, lived and loved on, in this gay little Bohemia of their own making, and at home, their little Maryland home, fabulous checks "from those children" kept the small household together.

It was now June, throbbing fragrant, green June—only Paris has it, only a dreamer can feel the delight of it.

Max's invalid stood at the vine-covered balcony looking out toward the Isle de la C'te, just a glimpse here of Notre Dame's trim spires, a flash there of the new Hotel Dieu—a break between some house unfolded the bright colors of the flower market—such a glowing Paris, beautiful, turbulent, lovable.

He had grown used now to listen for Bett's hurried step on the landing, and listening, often smiled as her laugh rang through the house. He knew just where two early strands of hair ought to lay on Bett's forehead as she shook her head like a child to brush them back. He often wondered at Bett's unconsciousness of herself, her childish ways, and vague charm, he felt, he knew and envied Max his fair little companion.

Then, it all faded from his eyes—the spires, the red house tops, the slender trees, as he heard Bett's voice long before she came in the open door.

"Isn't it too bad, mon ami, Max has gone away for the day, but he told me to come up and stay the whole time with you. Aren't you glad? Think of it. I am to amuse you, read to you, and if you're good perhaps I'll talk a little—well don't look so serious. Don't you think Max was lovely to spare me when I had just lots of work to do for him—so Bett talked on, hardly seeing the strange look on his face. For a long time she stood watching some children in the street playing. Then she picked up some blossoms to throw across the room to tease him, but he had fallen asleep. It was only a pretended sleep to hide from her curious young eyes, the pain, the keenest pleasure he felt just to watch her roaming over the room, looking at his pictures, touching a book here and there, with that queer little raising of her eyebrows when she seemed surprised—it all meant to him what wounded his honor, weakened his self-respect to acknowledge—he was in love with Max's wife.

What was it Bett was saying as she turned from the window—he hadn't been listening—she was talking of Maryland, her mother and father, the war, her little sister at school and Max (of course he thought)—great, brave, strong Max, whom she loved with all her heart, who had come across the ocean to put his talents to better use to return sometime, somewhat richer to keep the little Maryland home. Her brother? Could she have said that? She and her brother—God, how had he mistaken all this time; why hadn't he asked—what made him imagine them to be husband and wife, neither of them ever said so!

Bett was standing again by the window, leaning her head on two hands high on the sash. Tired of staying indoors she was wishing Max would come back. Looking out over the city, looking, but seeing nothing. She turned wearily to find her invalid standing beside her, his honest grey eyes looking straight into her soul, and as she looked back her eyes fell—for she knew.

DOCTORS A BIG WAR FACTOR

Army Surgeons Cut Death Rates to a Minimum, Disease Being Relegated to Background.

"The doctor has made this world struggle one of the least deadly ever fought in proportion to the numbers engaged. The spade is mightier than the shrapnel, the scalpel than the sword, the test tube than the trench mortar. Chlorine saves more lives as Dakin's fluid and bleaching powder than it destroys as poison gas," said Dr. Woods Hutchinson in a recent lecture at the Royal Society of Medicine, notes the London Globe.

Less than one-twentieth of the wastage of wars three years or more ago was due to wounds or death in battle; the other 95 per cent was caused by disease, epidemics and pestilence both in the field and at home.

In the armies themselves the ratio was six to nine deaths by disease to one in battle or from wounds. In this war the ratio has been sixteen deaths in battle to one from disease.

By wiping out epidemics the doctor has actually kept the death rate among the civil populations of the allied countries as low as, and in some cases lower than, it was before the war.

Rent Courts.

Rent courts, used for some years with growing success by German cities to protect tenants against unjust rent increases, have been introduced in Switzerland as a war measure. Every tenant is given the right to appeal to a commission, locally appointed, if he considers a demand for higher rent unjustified.

SORCERERS BURNED AT STAKE

Custom of an Early Age When Thousands of Unfortunate Students Were Put to Death.

Alchemists often believed that by deep thought they could find a way to turn base metals into gold, but alchemy itself was much deeper and broader than this, according to a writer. It was supposed at this time that there were seven heavenly bodies—the sun, moon, Mars, Mercury, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn—and seven metals—gold, silver, iron, mercury, copper, tin and lead. There were also seven days in a week and seven colors in a rainbow. There were twelve signs in the zodiac, twelve months in the year, twelve precious stones, and twelve parts to the body. It seemed to the alchemists that there must be some hidden connection between these things of nature, and in trying to find it they spent much time in watching the sky and in bending over their crucibles and retorts.

During an age when superstition was rife such nocturnal activities could not fail to arouse suspicion, and to be accused of being a sorcerer was generally followed by burning at the stake. Many thousands of such unfortunate students were put to death during these dark centuries, but in spite of the dangers men secretly studied alchemy.

RUSSIAN NAMES WERE EASY

Pronunciation Not to Be Compared With Talk Between Baby and Parrot, Proud Parent Boasts.

Reference at a social session was made to lingual dexterity when Congressman John M. Evans of Montana, said he was reminded of a little incident along that line.

Down at the cigar store one night the regulars were talking about the war and remarking how it gave one something worse than face ache to pronounce the Russian names that appear in the news.

"Those Russian names are nothing," remarked a man named Johnson, with an expansive smile. "You just ought to hear what I stack up against in my own home every day of my life."

"What's that?" demanded one of the regulars, amazedly. "Do you mean that you have somebody in your family who can put a kink in those Russian syllabic twists?"

"Well, I should say that I have," rejoined Johnson. "You should come around some time and hear the baby and the parrot when they get to talking together."

Africa Second Largest.

Africa is the second largest of the continental divisions of the earth, containing 11,632,000 square miles. Europe contains 3,671,004; Asia, 17,470,280; North America, 7,116,000; South America, 7,344,000. At the outbreak of the present war, August, 1914, European states had established protectorates over it. By agreement, Great Britain controlled about 3,700,000 square miles; France, 4,422,000; Germany, 931,000; Belgium, 909,000; Portugal, 704,000; Spain, 592,000, with native ownership ignored everywhere. These areas of control have undergone material changes since the war began and no doubt will be further changed at its conclusion. The different areas have been held and governed as colonies, the only politics being a contest among the nations to obtain and hold as much as possible. It has been what might be called in common phrase "a grab game" on a large scale, with a continent as the spoils.

Death to the Puppies.

The details of the snatching from this life of four brindle Boston bulls in the prime of their puppyhood were recited when a woman reviewed her married life in the court of domestic relations in New York. "Only last week," she said, "our bulldog, Ida, had a family that would have been worth $200 if it had grown. My husband went to a veterinarian and the doctor told him if they wouldn't take milk out of a saucer to put some milk in his own mouth, but a nipple in his mouth and feed them that way, just like dog fanciers do. At first he didn't even want to do it."

"Well," said the court, "and what has that to do with the case?"

"Because when he did do it, I tell you, the dogs died."

Profits in Shipbuilding.

The sale of the schooner Glynn, the first ocean commerce carrier built south of Newport News since the war began, has brought out facts, says the Manufacturers' Record, showing the remarkable profits to be made from shipbuilding and the operation of freight ships under war conditions. The company made a profit of 25 per cent on the building of the vessel; her purchaser, James S. Brailey, Jr., received $52,000 freight for the voyage to Italy with naval stores and then sold her to French interests for $90,000. After deducting $21,500 for insurance, outfitting and provisioning and the salaries and wages, the Glynn netted him $45,500 in six months.

Making Mineral Wool.

An American firm operating in Australia has started works near Melbourne for turning the local basalt into "mineral wool" for use as an insulator in packing machinery and ice chests and as a substitute for asbestos, according to the Scientific American. The basalt is melted down with a proportion of freestone and limestone and then steam, at an immense pressure, is forced through the fluid. The liquid rock, thus aerated, flies into the air and falls in flakes on the floor.

DON'T FRET ABOUT TRIFLES

Magnifying Petty Mistakes and Troubles Weakens One's Ability to Master Bigger Problems.

Some of us rather overdriven women get into a habit of magnifying the petty mistakes or troubles of disagreeable events of the day, the business day, and making them out very big and terrible. The result is a loss of energy, for magnified troubles bring worry and anxiety, which is a sort of poison to the mind and even to the body, writes Jessie Roberts in the Houston Post.

Don't hang on to the mistakes of yesterday. Today's will be easier to manage if you haven't that drag on you, and by a little more firmness you can soon get to the point when the annoyance of the moment gets itself settled in that moment and then is dropped.

We would think it a fool thing to feed our body poison, even in the minutest particles; but we feed our nerves poison, even though it be in small quantities, when we deliberately fret and worry over small things, making them huge and important by the mere turning of them over and over.

These are strenuous days. Don't weaken your strength by unnecessary and harmful fussing over trifles. After you have done whatever can be done to remedy what has gone wrong, turn your mind away from it. Refuse to be dominated by small mistakes. Few of us, by the way, are terrified by a really big thing. We rouse up and meet it definitely and firmly, unless we have a yellow streak. But the small thing often breaks down our nerves—and then our nerve.

TORPEDOES ON FOUR WHEELS

Explosive Propelled Toward Enemy Trenches and Controlled by Means of Wires Attached to Works.

La Domenica Del Corriere, Italy, reports a new war device, the invention of an English engineer, Strafford Talbot. Literally, it is a torpedo on wheels which may be propelled toward the enemy trenches and controlled from the starting point by means of attached wires.

The explosive is mounted on a metallic box which rides on four wheels. Attached to the box is a contrivance consisting of a dynamo which propels the wheels. The entire machine is electrically controlled, permitting the explosion of the charge at the desired moment.

Two parallel wires connect the torpedo with the control station. These are carried on spools and unwind as the machine advances. The power is derived from accumulating batteries at the starting point. When it is desired to fire the charge all that is required is to push a button. According to the inventor the total cost of this contrivance is about $150.

What He Wants for "Plain Food."

Do you know this man, have you ever heard of him—the man who likes plain food? His tastes are of the simplest; a little clear soup yourself, clear consomme the color of pale sherry: Take a knuckle of veal and four pounds of lean beef . . . goes the sympathetic recipe. (Notice, you "take," you don't "buy.") "Fry, to a tender brown, carrots, onions," etc. So goes on this tender, delectable process until you finally "clarify." The time the cook spends upon the simmering, the frying, the clarifying, and the straining is not of course taken into account. "The man who likes plain food enjoys roasts of meat, joints and ribroasts."—Exchange.

Chemistry Recognized Science.

Chemistry has been accorded an almost formal recognition as the science at the heart of modern warfare. The British ministry of reconstruction has pointed out that Germany selected the chemical industry for especial nurture in making its war preparations, especially that part of the industry dealing with coal tar derivatives, in which field the imperial government gradually won a temporary world monopoly. The minister of reconstruction has appointed a committee of six chemists to investigate the situation in England and to recommend a plan for making the British chemical industry self-sustaining and equal to any call upon it during and after the war.

Von Hindenburg a "Junker."

"Junker" is philologically akin to "Jonkheer" and has a quasi-equivalent in the English "Squire." The Junker is a man of some birth and of inherited property, especially land, says an exchange. The word is used to describe that large class of Prussians who come of noble, seminoble or at least old and "good" families and whose worldly possessions are such as to give them as appreciable stake in the government. Von Hindenburg is a fine example of the Junker; Ludendorff, his collaborator, is not a Junker by birth, however much a one he may be by taste.

Capital Punishment.

Capital punishment prevails in all the states of the Union except Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, Rhode Island, Washington and Wisconsin. In Michigan the only crime punishable by death is treason. The death penalty was abolished in the state of Washington in 1913, in Iowa in 1872 and restored in 1878, in Colorado in 1897 and restored in 1901. Hanging is the ordinary mode of execution, but in Indiana, New York, Nebraska, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Vermont and Virginia electrocution is the legal method. In Nevada hanging or shooting is optional with the condemned person.

FINDS BULLETS IN THE BODY

Electro Magnet, Proves of Value in Canadian Hospitals Along the Lines of Battle.

A sound "very much like the whistle of a steamboat" in a stethoscope placed on the patient's skin is the manner in which an electro magnet tells the position of a bullet in a wounded soldier's body, according to Surgeon General Fotheringham of the Canadian army medical service.

The new magnet has been found to be of great value in a large number of the Canadian hospitals in the battle zones, as with it the exact location of any electro magnetic substance, including the German bullet, can be determined. An easily discernible vibration is set up by the magnet when the bullet is not deep-seated.

In cases of deeply imbedded bullets the electro magnet is placed on one side of the patient's body and a stethoscope is moved about on the side opposite the magnet. The nearest point to the foreign body is indicated by the "steamboat whistle" and the skin is marked at that point. The operation for extracting the bullet follows.

Glass Eye That Moves.

Capt. J. L. Aymard, a British army surgeon, describes in the Lancet an improved glass eye which can move. The chief drawbacks to the ordinary glass eye are that, being simply a convex shell of glass, it tends to sink back into the socket and is fixed in a stony stare. Captain Aymard gets over these difficulties by placing in the socket of the eye a sphere of living cartilage or gristle taken without risk from the patient's ribs. It is all one operation. While one surgeon removes the destroyed eye, another surgeon removes the pieces of cartilage from near the patient's breastbone. Two pieces are made into a little globe, which is placed in the socket, and the thin outer covering of the eye, the conjunctiva, is sewn over to hold it in place. The ordinary glass eye shell is inserted over this and is prevented from sinking backwards. Some movement of the eye by the wearer is said to be possible.

Kate Field's Prophecy.

When, a good many years ago, Kate Field wrote those clever verses beginning: "They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit," little she guessed how tremendously that sphere was destined to be enlarged by the coming of the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen. As a matter of course, observes an exchange, the great world war is responsible for the very rapid advance the women are making in every sphere of the world's work. We are no longer surprised to find that women are doing anything and everything that men can do, from driving warplanes to shining shoes. A shoe-polishing "parlor" in which only women are employed is now doing business in Boston, yet even this innovation scarcely challenges attention in these times of shifting conditions.

Tempting Natives to Work.

Tempting natives of British New Guinea to work was a process which was explained during the hearing of a case in London recently. A man who has lived many years there said that he had solved a very difficult labor problem in New Guinea. The men could not be tempted to work for money, and he hit upon the idea of offering them bends, gaudy cloths, dogs' teeth and musical instruments. To get these they worked for a twelvemonth and then induced others to do likewise.

Maize From Venezuela.

As a result of a suggestion from the American consulate, based upon the higher prices for maize in the New York market than in Venezuela, shipments of maize from Venezuela to the United States have been undertaken for the first time on record, and already 80 tons have been sent. If present New York prices hold until the new crop of maize comes in there may be large shipments, as the crop is extraordinarily good.

BALLOON LIKE BIG TADPOLE

Latest French Aircraft for Observation Purposes Requires Fifty Men to Maneuver It.

Among the latest triumphs of the French aerial service is an observation balloon, named "Le Caquot," writes a Paris correspondent. In shape it resembles a great tadpole. Whereas other types are inconvenienced by a wind of from 50 to 55 feet a second, Le Caquot can remain in the air unless the wind exceeds 65 to 75 feet per second.

It takes 50 experienced men to maneuver it, for as soon as it leaves the shed great attention must be paid to the wind currents, so as to save the envelope from being torn. Attached to the balloon is a wicker car, in which the observer is installed with his maps, charts, arms, barometers, and telephone, the latter fixed over his ears so as to leave his hands free. He is also provided with glass and a white silk parachute for an emergency.

When the balloon attains an altitude of from 2,000 feet to 3,000 feet the windlass to which the cable is fixed is drawn by horses or motor car at a moderate pace to a point near the enemy lines, where a refuge excavated in the soil has been prepared. This accomplished, the observer transmits his instruction by telephone.

Two anti-aircraft posts are established nearby to keep off enemy airplanes. If the balloon is menaced the crew bring it down from 5,000 feet in seven to ten minutes.

The Next Step.

"The Germans," said a noted surgeon, "are vaunting their war surgery. Two years ago 80 per cent of their wounded returned to the front. Last year 90 per cent returned. Rubbish!" The professor made a gesture of repudiation. "Why, at this rate," he said, "the Germans will be telling us that, every time an enemy bullet hits a German soldier in the head, its only effect is to fill a hollow tooth for him."—London Opinion.

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Miss Doane's Mealer

By J. L. Harbour

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Mrs. Semira Doane was out in her front yard counting her Shirley poppies and admiring their almost infinite variety.

"No two of them seem to be exactly the same tint, and I never had such a lot of them out at one time before," said Miss Semira. She loved flowers and nearly every foot of her small front yard was laid out in beds and mounds. There was not a weed to be seen, and her plants looked thrifty and bore evidence of care. The little white house back of the flower garden had plants in the two front windows, and climbing vines completely covered the small, green lattice-work porch over the front door. All of the flowers and plants were of the old-fashioned varieties. Miss Semira did not care for floral "novelties." She liked her four-o'clocks and ragged robins and lady-in-the-green and bleeding hearts better than any "others" she had ever seen.

Miss Semira was so small and fragile looking, with such delicately tinted pink cheeks, and such fluffy yellow hair that she looked quite like a flower herself as she moved about in her little garden in a blue lawn dress with little white flowers in it, and her lace-trimmed snowy white apron in which there was neither spot nor wrinkle. She was stooping over picking a dead leaf or two from one of her geraniums when a shrill, rasping voice startled her by saying.

"How nice your flowers do look, Miss S'mira; an' how sweet they smell. I can smell them clean over to my house when it's still or when the wind is blowin' in that direction. You allus have such good luck with 'em. Flowers grow better for some folks than for others."

Miss Semira looked up and saw a tall, gaunt woman in a chocolate-colored calico dress and green and white checked gingham apron standing at her gate. A red and white tennis cap perched on one side of her iron-gray head gave the woman a grotesque look.

"O, Mrs. Sampson, is it you?" said Miss Semira. "Come in, won't you?"

"No, it ain't wuth while little time as I've got to stay. Then I've left some ginger bread in the oven. I want to know if you wouldn't be willing to take a mealer."

"A mealer, Mrs. Sampson?"

"Yes. You see I've got a chance to let my big front room upstairs if I can find a place for the person that wants it to take their meals. I can't undertake to give anyone their meals with my rheumatiz pesterin' me the way it does, an' Sampson havin' it when I don't. Then I ain't no cook, anyhow. But I do want to let that big front room, an' this person will take it if I can find a mealin' place near by, an' here you are right acrost the road an livin' all alone, an' you as much of a born cook as you are a born flower raiser. An' I've heard you say, that you sometime got dreadful tired o' takin' your meals all by yourself."

"Who is it wants your room?"

"Well, it's a gentleman—but there, you needn't look so scairt. Miss S'mira, for it ain't a young gentleman nor a middle-aged gentleman, but a real nice, fatherly-lookin' old gentleman that there'd never be a mite o' talk 'bout you givin' his meals to. He must be old enough to be your father, an' I don't know when I've seen a nicer appearin' man. I'd a sight ruther have him around than nine out o' ten fussy, fault-findin' wimmen. Don't you say no until you think it all over."

Miss Semira thought it all over with the result that two days later Mr. Jared Lyster found himself seated at Miss Doane's daintily set table. Miss Semira had often been heard to say:

"I don't mind any part of living alone so much as I mind eating my meals all by myself. If I just had someone that was interesting and pleasant to talk to at meal-time I wouldn't mind the rest. I would take a mealer if I got a good chance."

Mrs. Sampson had gone a trifle beyond the truth when she had said that Jared Lyster was a "real fatherly looking old gentleman." Miss Semira's mental comment when she saw him was:

"Why, I don't believe that he is a day over fifty-five."

Miss Semira's own years numbered forty-five. She had expected her mealer to be a man of at least sixty-five and possibly seventy years of age, but she did not voice her surprise to Mrs. Sampson. She accepted the situation in a manner that manifested her good sense, and she said to herself:

"There's nothing for people to talk about if he isn't as old as I thought he was. I have lived in this town too long for anyone to gossip about me. He certainly is a very well-favored, gentlemanly person, and there's nothing in me giving him his meals that should set any one's tongue to wagging."

Jared Lyster was a childless widower who had purchased a small store in the town. He was a quiet, gentlemanly man of domestic taste who, it must be confessed, had no intention of going through life homeless. Like most men he had a fondness for good meals well served and he liked to live in an atmosphere of cleanliness and order. He found this atmosphere in Semira Doane's pretty and well kept little home, and the meals she served were to his entire satisfaction.

Miss Semira, on the other hand, found the society of Jared Lyster to be more agreeable than she would have dared confess. She would not acknowledge even to herself how much she valued his presence when he had been her "mealer" for three months. But she found herself studying his tastes and cooking the dishes she knew he liked. She found herself also putting a red ribbon bow in her hair nearly every day after he had casually remarked that red was his favorite color and that he liked to see the little bow of red in her hair. She found herself watching for his coming and he did not know that she often stood behind the lattice work on her little porch watching him out of sight. Nor did she know what his thoughts were as he walked away. He did not know how tumultously her heart throbbed one evening at the tea table when he said as he slowly and carefully folded his napkin back into its original creases:

"Well, Miss Semira, I think that I must tell you that I have decided to make a change."

"In your business?" she asked with her eyes fixed on her plate.

"Well, yes; the change I have in mind will give me a partner in my business. But what I was going to speak to you about was a change in regard to my meals. It isn't altogether convenient having my room in one place and taking my meals in another. Moreover, I do not quite like being a mealer."

"Of course, if you wish to make a change you are at liberty to do so. I could not promise you any better meals than I have been giving you even if you stayed with me."

"I wouldn't want any better meals any place."

"O, thank you."

"The meals are all right, but I never before was what they call in this town a 'mealer' and I don't like it. I would enjoy my meals a good deal more if they were served by—well, by my wife. There! Semira, don't look so frightened! It is what I have been wanting to say for a long time, almost from the first meal I ate with you! Let me stop being a 'mealer' and let me be your husband instead."

He had reached across the little table and taken her by both hands and was looking into her face with shining eyes. Her eyes met his in a moment and he must have seen something of hope and encouragement for him in them, for he was by her side in a moment with his arm around her waist and his cheek to hers.

The next day Miss Doane received a call from Mrs. Sampson, who said:

"Well, S'mira, its turned out just the way Sampson an' me have been sayin' for two months that it would turn out, an' I'm glad of it even if I have lost a roomer. Anyhow, you gained a mealer for life. I wish you joy, I really do."

IRON HADES IN SOUTH WALES

Molten Metal Rolling Down Side of Invisible Wall Turns Heavens Into Great Blaze.

The first night spent by a visitor in South Wales, in the center of the great iron country, is marked by a wonderful impression, says the London Daily Mail.

In the daytime the iron works seem only an ugly cluster of tall chimneys and uneven roofs seen through gray smoke. More insistent are the shrill voices of ragged children and the huddling cottages of the workmen, at whose doors stand careworn women with anxious eyes. And the dim mountains, sometimes half hidden by sweeping rainstorms and sometimes a clear greenish color, every lonely tree on their bare sides silhouetted in a darker hue, force themselves upon the eye with the tragedy of their impotence against the defiling hand of man. When one stands right beneath the tips they stand out against the sky like monstrous caricatures of Swiss peaks. There is something about this place desolate and infinitely depressing.

But at night when all is dark the sky is suddenly lit with a red glare. From the window the stranger sees a ruddy light touching the billowing clouds and glimmering away to blackness between them. He sees roofs and chimneys standing out in startling solidity against the flaming background; the furnaces are opened, and it is as though the lid of hell were lifted. Then, on top of one of the tips, but appearing as though isolated in the sky, comes a stream of brilliant gold rolling down the side of the invisible wall in molten fire.

Hospital for War Boots.

The war girl is again setting new records in a factory near the east end of London. Here, however, it is not shells, but boots which she is turning out. It is more like a surgery for boots than a factory because, within 40 minutes, a pair of boots from Flanders thick with mud and hardly recognizable are completely restored to strength and soundness. The boots are scrubbed in warm water, dressed with castor oil, the heel and tap is stripped off, then the outer skin of the upper part is taken off with a machine invented during the war. The sole and heel are renewed, the whole blocked into shape and finally restained, polished and made ready for use again in the army; all in 40 minutes. About 300 girls are working in this boot hospital.

HE GAINED PREMIER'S EAR

Man Disrobed With Others to Receive Free Treatment, and Appealed for Position for Sister.

Clemenceau, beneath his brusque, masterful, sarcastic and oft-cutting speech, and in spite of the vitriolic character of his writings, possesses an exceedingly kind and charitable heart. He is not rich, and therefore cannot afford to give away much. But he has made a point, both when in office and out of it, to devote a couple of hours each day to free medical advice to the poor, never consenting to take a fee, writes a Paris correspondent. His specialty is skin diseases, and his consultation room is always crowded with poor patients. One day when last in office as premier, being in a hurry, he instructed his servant to tell the last batch of his male patients to strip in his ante-chamber, so as to save the time of the undressing in the consulting room. One by one they were rapidly prescribed for and sent on their way, until only the last remained. He presented himself in due course in an extremely decollete condition—without a stitch of clothing, and with every appearance of nervousness.

"M. le President," he began, with a low bow.

"Well, what is the matter?" asked the doctor-premier.

The man stammered inarticulately.

"Come! Come," exclaimed Clemenceau with impatience. "Out with it! Your skin seems perfectly healthy. I can see nothing wrong."

"There is nothing the matter with me," said the poor man at last, recovering his voice, "but—I don't know—it is all strange—I only came to ask you, M. le President, for your powerful influence with the government to procure for my widowed sister a place as postmistress at Clermont."

DRIVING CATTLE BY MOTOR

Stock Dealer Introduces Innovation Which May Sooner or Later Relegate Broncho to Background.

A new use for a motorcar has been found by a cattle dealer in one of the middle western states, whose business compels him to drive extensive herds of meat on the hoof along the roads, says an exchange. During the hottest part of last summer this purveyor determined to drive his animals by night in order to spare them the inevitable suffering that attended such operations in the middle of the day. Getting in his car, he started the herd ahead of him in the road, and by throwing the searchlight before and honking his horn he kept the animals moving quickly in the compact mass.

There are instances of the use of the motorcar in round-up work in the far West, so that the traditional picture of a cowboy astride a bucking broncho may have to give way to one of that leather-breeched gentleman cuddled down into the wheel of a flexible runabout, his lasso presumably dangling over the windshield.

Height Effects in Airplaining.

Some effects of airplane flights at very high altitudes are described in a recent English report. "Height effects" begin to be felt at 10,000 feet and become marked in most cases from 17,000 feet up. The principal difficulties are cold and lack of oxygen. Strange to say, no airplane has yet been devised on a plan which deliberately utilizes the heat of the engine to keep the passengers warm, although any tractor model has this effect to some extent. The matter of oxygen is solved by taking a supply in a container, which the aviator mixes with air when he feels oppressed. It is feared that flying at very high altitudes, to be made possible in the future by further development of models, may produce a trouble analagous to the "bends" experienced by workers in compressed air caissons due to the extreme pressure changes.

Climbers Imprisoned Atop Fuji.

The wisdom of erecting huts on Fuji for refuge in case of sudden storms of snow and rain was proved recently when a violent fall of snow and hail burst upon the crest of the sacred mountain. During two days more than 10,000 climbed the mountain and sudden arrival of the storm caught several hundred of them upon the hilltop. They sought safety in the numerous refuges. When the storm burst the police compelled all excursionists to wait for better weather at Gotemba and Tarobo. Relief parties were sent out but were unable to get through the drifts. Anxiety was felt for the food supply, but the adventurers came down safely. For two days the people in the snow were incommunicado, owing to the destruction of the telephone wires. These will be buried before next season.

Jerusalem's Great Walls.

After 1244 Jerusalem was under the rule of the sultans of Egypt until the year 1517, when Selim I conquered both Palestine and Egypt, taking the title of caliph, and carrying off the sacred banner of the Moslems to Constantinople. Selim's son, Suleiman the Magnificent, once more built the great walls about Jerusalem. These walls of Suleiman are the present fortifications of the city. But the great walls of Suleiman the Magnificent are only the last of a long series of walls which, time after time, have been built only to be destroyed. The most tragical destruction not only of the walls, but also of the whole city, was that which was carried out by the Roman armies of Titus, in the year 70 of our era, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian.

If It Hadn't Been for Cutey

By Vincent G. Perry

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Harry Knowles undid the parcel with unwilling fingers. The handwritten address on the outside had told him what it contained. He had hoped Madeline wouldn't take their little quarrel so seriously. He had meant to write her an apology; now it was too late. One by one he lifted the carefully wrapped articles from the parcel. He could tell without removing the tissue paper wrapping what each little parcel contained. The little square box he knew held the ring that had sealed their betrothal—at least they thought it had then. There was the little cameo brooch he had given her the first Christmas, when his salary had been small; there was the necklace and the amethyst ring he had given her on her birthday. The last little parcel he held to his ear, and the ticking sound satisfied him it was the engraved wrist watch that had made her so happy the Christmas before. They were all there—every present he had given her, he thought. No, there was one that wasn't there! But he couldn't expect her to send Cutey back—Cutey, the Boston terrier pup he had bought her that summer. Cutey wasn't a regular present, and besides she thought too much of the little fellow to part with him.

But Harry didn't reckon with Madeline's pride. As much as she loved Cutey, she couldn't keep him because Harry had given him to her. It hurt her more to part with the little dog than with any of the other presents, and after the expressman took him away the flood of tears that she had kept back so long broke forth.

Harry gasped when he saw what the expressman had for him. It certainly must be all off with Madeline now, he thought. To think that she would send Cutey back! There was nothing to do but accept him.

When Harry was transferred a little later to a bank in the West there was only one thing that troubled him—what would he do with Cutey? The little dog had meant much to him in the lonely days that followed his breaking off with Madeline and he had become quite attached to it. The idea of parting with it hurt. There wouldn't be any place to keep the dog when he arrived in the West, and the season out there was just at its worst. If he had thought of that he wouldn't have been so hasty in applying for a transfer; but at that time he had only one idea, and that was to get far enough away from Madeline to forget. At the last moment he thought of sending Cutey to his sister in the country. He would be well taken care of and safe from harm there, he was sure.

The first letter Harry got from his sister after his arrival in the West startled him. Cutey had been stolen. How it happened the sister wasn't sure, but the villagers blamed it on a gypsy band that had been seen in the neighborhood. He wired notices to all the leading papers in the vicinity of the village in which his sister lived, but without result. He wondered if Madeline had stolen it, but dispelled that thought from his mind. Madeline wouldn't stoop to a thing like that.

The West didn't prove such a balm to the wound as Harry had hoped, and finally he decided to go home again. As the train upon which he was returning to the East neared the station he knew so well he found himself wondering if he would meet Madeline, and how she would receive him. Maybe she would listen to an apology now. He could give her back all her presents, just as she had sent them back to him—all except Cutey. That settled it, she wouldn't be able to forgive him, knowing that Cutey was lost. He buried his head in his hands and would have passed the station if the conductor hadn't aroused him.

Although he had been in the city nearly a week, Harry could not muster enough courage to call Madeline by telephone. A vaudeville performance appealed to him most as a retreat from a very lonely and tiresome evening. The performance was dull, until near the end an animal act was staged. Harry sat bolt upright as he caught sight of a familiar little object on the stage. Yes, it was the same walk and the same little wag of the tail; the markings were just the same and the color exact. The quaint little bark assured him. There wasn't two dogs in all the world with a bark like that! It was Cutey! What had he best do? He could hardly restrain himself when he saw the little dog cow before the brutal looking trainer. To see the police, he thought, would be the best plan, and he hurried from the theater.

He tried not to appear excited as he explained to the sergeant at the police station.

"Have you any way of identifying him as the dog you had stolen?" asked the sergeant.

Harry thought for a minute. There was only one person in the city beside himself who would identify the dog, but he couldn't possibly ask her. It looked as if Cutey was lost to him for good. But rather than let the dog be in the hands of that man any longer he would call Madeline and ask her to come to the station house. Perhaps she wouldn't mind when she knew it was for Cutey.

"They didn't answer the 'phone," the operator told him after he had spent nearly ten minutes at the telephone. He hung up the receiver with a sigh, wheeled around and faced—Madeline! She was standing in the doorway that led to the chief's office, staring at him in wonder. As she recovered herself she dropped her eyes quickly.

"This young woman has lost a dog and claims that a performer has it at the Lyric theater," the chief addressed the sergeant. "She says the dog would know her, but has no other means of identifying it."

"Oh, yes, I have," Madeline interrupted. "This a—this young man knows Cutey. He can identify it. Please, Harry, dear!" She was so excited that she did not realize what she was saying.

The sergeant was amused. "This young man is also making claim to a dog at the Lyric, the same dog, most likely," he said.

"Yes, it is his dog."

"Yes, it—is her dog!" The two were talking at once.

"Well, you see, it is our dog. We are to be married—I mean, we were to be married. Oh, what am I saying? Harry, why can't you explain? I'm so excited and nervous!" Madeline was almost crying.

Harry's coolness almost surprised himself. "If you will send an officer to the theater with us, we will assure you the dog doesn't belong to the man that has it at any rate," he said. "We can decide which of us owns it afterward. You see, we both have a very strong claim to it."

The chief agreed.

At the theater the trainer claimed that he had bought the dog from a stranger, but when Harry slipped him $25 he didn't run the risk of an investigation, and handed the dog over.

"If it was a good performer I would not let you have it for a thousand," he said; "but it was too old when I got it to teach it new tricks."

"It is dreadfully late for you to be out alone, Madeline. Do you mind if I go home with you?" Harry asked. "You might lose Cutey, too," he added.

"But Cutey is your dog, Harry." There was a tremor in her voice.

"No he isn't. I was just keeping him for you, Madeline. Don't let our silly little quarrel come between you and Cutey. He thinks too much of you for that. So do I."

They did not speak again until they reached her home. They had been thinking a lot.

"Now promise me, Harry, you will come to see Cutey tomorrow night," Madeline called after Harry as he started down the walk after taking half an hour at the door.

"You bet I will!" he called back.

FINDS TRUTH IN A GARDEN

Little Miss Learns That Beautiful Flowers Grow From Seeds and Not From Wealth of Owner.

Two children played in a Southern garden. The garden was a marvel of color and beauty. It surrounded the home of the boy whose parents were called "very well to do."

The little girl was the only child of a mother who found it "cheaper to board."

The dainty feminine creature flitted along the walks and across the grass, taking toll of blossoms where she listed. There was no verboten. The boy followed rather stolidly, accepting the care of the flowers when the bunches grew too large for the smaller hands.

At last the little girl seated herself on a bench and rested her curly head against a tree. Her blue eyes, resting upon the beauty before them, glowed with appreciation.

"Oh-h-h! The be-yu-tiful garden!" she sighed.

Then, turning to the boy, "It's because you are rich that you have such lovely flowers, isn't it, Billy?"

"No," said the boy, stolid as always. "It's because we plant the seeds."

Flanders of Today.

Today the name Flanders is applied to two Belgian provinces of which Ghent and Bruges are the capitals, but the name still represents an undefined stretch of country which has been the battleground of Europe for centuries.

"At the war in Flanders" was just as familiar to English ears in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as it is today in the twentieth. Every inch of the ground is stained with the blood of patriots and loyalists. And the bravery and courage of these medieval troops has been matched by the sacrifice of the men of the greatest empire the world has ever known. The bones of Canada's heroes will mingle with the dust of generations of patriots and the cause for which they are fighting is not eclipsed in the loftiness of its aim by the Holy Crusaders of medieval times.—Exchange.

Chamois Hunting Is Dangerous.

The chamois in summer go up into the high mountains to the perpetual snow-line, and feed only on mountainsides with a northern exposure. In winter they go down to the wooded lower reaches of the mountain, and it is here that they are hunted. They never graze without a sentinel on the lookout. The most successful way to hunt them is for a number of hunters to form a closing-in circle around a feeding ground. Great danger attends hunting in such high altitudes, but that has given such zest to the sport that the chamois is now rare where once it was numerous.

VOICES MUST BE PLEASANT

Hospital Nurses Undergo Course of Training in Some Institutions to Cultivate Refined Speech.

"If the success or failure of a physician is, in some cases as least, determined by his tongue, how much more important is this matter of speech to the nurse, who must be constantly with the patient, and whose every look and gesture are watched—targets for criticism, silent or open," writes Dr. Irving W. Voorhees in the Nurse. "It is said that in some hospitals this question of refined, pleasing speech has become a part of the nurse's course of training, and that she is demerited for disregard of the principles as set forth by her teachers. Although I have no personal knowledge of these hospitals, it is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished that every one who comes into the sick room should know how to speak softly and agreeably."

Doctor Voorhees says European nations realize the importance of the nurse's voice and insist upon it far more than we do. And any woman who plans to become a hospital nurse and has not a pleasing voice already should start at once to cultivate one.

The sick are very sensitive to voices; the blind are especially affected by harsh voices, so much so that some wealthy blind men will not permit a person whose voice is not pleasant to come near them.

AN OFFICIAL STORY TELLER

Libraries in Canada Find Special Feature for the Entertainment of Children Is Worth While.

In several of the public libraries of Canada story telling to children has for some years been a special feature, says an exchange. Each Saturday morning from fifty to one hundred children assemble at the library in a room set apart for the purpose and called the "Children's Room." The ages of the children vary from six to fourteen years.

At St. John, New Brunswick, story telling has been continued now for three years. This year it has been found advisable to divide the children according to age and to hold two classes of half an hour each. The work has steadily grown in interest, and the demand for books of a less trivial type justifies the work of the committee in charge. During the summer, when opportunity offers and a story-teller of note is a guest of the city, notice is given to the library, and it is often possible to have a special session.

Arrive and Depart.

"Arrivals" and "departures" have a definite place in French trench philology. When the American troops first entered the trenches their French comrades were very anxious to have them distinguish accurately between the noise of "arrives" and "departs." "I thought they were talking harbor clearances at first," said one Yankee lad. "Then I heard a low, whining sound and a shell exploded behind us. 'Un arrive,' said my companion. He signified that it was a present from the Germans. Soon there was a louder, sharper sound. It was a responsive roar from our own batteries. 'Un depart,' he said with great satisfaction. 'Voila!' we had it. The exchange of artillery fire is, after all, a matter of 'arrivals' and 'departures.' Needless to say, the 'departs' enjoy the wider popularity."

Pencils in Japan.

An unthought-of result of the war has been the creation of a lead-pencil industry in Japan. In 1911 Japan imported 65,000,000 pencils, most of which came from America and Germany. But with the opening of the European conflict German sources of supply were cut off and native manufacturers, who had been producing only in comparatively small quantities, seized their opportunity and made the most of it. In 1914 Japan exported over nine million pencils and in 1916 the number had increased to 168,000,000. There is strong indication, observes a writer, that many of the markets won by the Orientals will be held by them after the war, for they have the advantage of very cheap labor. Most of the lead which they use is imported from India and this country.

Woman Horse Nurse.

In London Messrs. MacNamara, who employ about forty woman drivers, have put their horse hospital entirely in charge of women. Mrs. Pary, the superintendent, says they have thirty to forty patients a day. She and three assistants do all cleaning, grooming, feeding and administering of medicines prescribed by the veterinary surgeon. The animals, she says, are grateful and companionable, and she has no doubt that women will want to keep on with this work after the war. "We do not baby the horses," she says. "Somehow we reform the worst cases of temper, and the women can do anything they like with even fractious, nervous and suffering horses. The effect on the nerves of the horses, and consequently on their value, is noticeable."

Why Not Wear a Sign?

Pat, being on his holidays, was one day strolling through the streets of New York, when he saw the figure of a man standing before a shop. There was a card pinned to the man's coat on which was written, "Reduced to $5."

Pat somewhat carelessly approached the figure and exclaimed: "Begorra, sir, you're safe enough; I'm reduced to 50 cents."

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 17, 1918

CHARLES E DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

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Wouldn't you like to soak the fellow who predicted a short, mild winter?

It would have been a real pleasure to have had a few German prisoners to put to work shoveling snow on Tuesday.

The poets who rave about the snow, the beautiful snow, were not in evidence with their shovels Tuesday morning. Snow poems usually are written in the good, old summer time.

If you happened to have a car load of chestnut or pea coal on hand and about three hundred orders to divide it up among, and please everybody, how would you handle the task? Phone your answer to any Bellefonte coal dealer.

National Fuel Administrator Garfield now tells us not to expect any relief in the coal situation for sixty days, at least. What a cheerful bit of news to hand out when the coal bin is empty and the mercury down below zero.

Centre County farmers are so hard up for men these days that they scarcely know how to plan for next years crops. They are waiting patiently for the government to offer some practical solution. An illustration of this came to our notice a day or two ago. A farmer with about 120 acres to care for has but one helper, the latter being about 23 years old, single and with no dependents, and therefore standing a very good chance of being called for military service almost any day. It is utter folly to preach growing larger crops unless plans are also devised for providing the necessary labor. We are beginning to realize that we are in the midst of war.

You've got to hand it to the management of the Bellefonte steam heating plant. While coal has been terribly scarce and general operating conditions have been discouraging, to say the least, the plant has been kept going right along. Every once in a while the coal supply has become so low that the steam pressure has slumped off proportionately, but these interruptions have been no different from those experienced in business places and residences having individual plants. The main point is that the steam plant has been remarkably successful in getting coal, and that when it has the coal it has been piled into the boilers most generously with the result that patrons have been and are securing a standard of service much higher than many anticipated. Former Judge Orvis in handling the proposition has contended with obstacles that would have driven most persons to the dugouts. Not a few citizens have taken the time to congratulate him. He is certainly deserving of congratulations, for with prevailing prices for coal and labor it is reasonably certain that he will wind up the heating season with nothing more than congratulations in his pocket to reward him for his efforts.

ITS COMING

Developments throughout the United States foreshadow the coming at no great distant date of national prohibition. It is on the way, and with public sentiment overwhelmingly back of it, and it would not be surprising to even the most determined opponent to see the constitutional amendment ratified by the necessary thirty-six states by the end of the next four or five years. The Legislatures of several states have already ratified the proposal. Twenty-six or twenty-seven states are on record as favoring the principle. With but a small margin of states needed to push it through, and sentiment increasing right along, the final result is seemingly no longer a matter of doubt. War conditions alone have given prohibition a wonderful impetus. Big business has loomed up as another remarkable factor in its favor. But bigger and greater than all else is the sentiment of indorsement of the individual citizen, and this regardless of his station or condition in life.

Right or wrong, this newspaper has never believed in the merit of the principle of local option. Nor do we view with much more favor the principle of State-wide prohibition. We have always held to the firm belief that if John Barleycorn is to be eliminated it should be wiped out everywhere. We hold to this conviction today. National prohibition is to our mind the only sure cure for what some are prone to term a disease. National prohibition would be impossible if the people didn't want it, and the best evidence that they do want it is the irresistible tidal wave now sweeping over the land. Giving approval in one manner or another, but giving approval just the same, are many men who are teetotalers but apparently just as great a number who occasionally enjoy a nip and not a few who never were able to learn when enough was for them too much. In other words, the drinker as well as the teetotaler seem to be of one mind on the subject, and when such a condition prevails it might as well be accepted as the handwriting on the wall.

The man who has his money invested in the booze business would do well to plan and prepare for the deluge. Some of the largest liquor manufacturers and dealers have already done so, frankly conceding that it is the part of wisdom to retire early and escape financial loss. Political leaders who believe they are strong enough to stay the tide are in danger of being swept onward with it. The subject is bigger than politics, and no politician or set of politicians can beat it.

W. S. Miller Dead.

William S. Miller, well known to many of our readers, died at his home near Julian, on Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock. Mr. Miller had been in failing health for some time, but was around as usual until in the morning about 3 o'clock when he took suddenly ill and passed away. The deceased, born March 30, 1846, came from Union County 24 years ago and engaged in farming, continuing thus up until his death. About 47 years ago he was married to Miss Sarah H. Anderson, who survives, as also do the following children: Mrs. Alfred Spotts, of Unionville; Newton Miller, of Bellefonte, and Albert Miller, of Philipsburg. He also leaves the following brothers and sisters: T. H. Miller, of Forest Hill; Mrs. Jane Hilderbrand and Lot Miller, of Mifflinburg and Mrs. Sarah Hamler, of Lewisburg. The funeral took place at his late home at Julian Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock proceeding to the Methodist church, where services were conducted by Rev. Howard S. Crammer, pastor of the Port Matilda M. E. church, and Rev. Tingue, of the Free Methodist church. Interment in the family plot in the Julian cemetery.

Mrs. Harriet Haines Dead.

Mrs. Harriet Haines, widow of the late Marcus Haines, passed away Sunday evening at the home of her son, Calvin Haines, near Woodward. She had only been ill three days with pneumonia. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wise and was born and raised in that community. Her age was 82 years and 4 months. She belonged to the oldest and most representative families of Haines Township. Her life was useful in the fact that she administered to the good of those around her. She was kind and generous and went wherever duty called her. She was a consistent member of the Evangelical church and was always found in her pew at religious services. She is survived by five sons and two daughters as follows: Calvin, William, Elias and John Haines, of Woodward, and Luther Haines, of Lewisburg; Mrs. Clyde Vonada, of Madisonburg, and Mrs. Agnes Styers, of Woodward. The funeral will take place Friday morning.

Many Students Leaving State College.

When State College opened last September everybody was highly delighted with the number of students who came back. It was thought that the exodus was over and that nothing would interfere with the work. State College has given to the nation and the war hundreds of its best men. It has been doing more for the progress of the war than any other like college in the country. Up until this time approximately two hundred students have withdrawn from the institution for the war service since college opened last September and they are still on the go.

With the opening of the first semester there were enrolled 2,073 students—1,847 men and 226 women. Last year Penn State had an attendance of 2,352, so that the effect of the first year of the war was a decrease of 279 students.

Twenty-Five Hunters Killed.

Twenty-five men were killed and 74 wounded in hunting accidents in Pennsylvania during the season ending Dec. 31, 1917, according to official reports announced recently.

There were 680 legal deer reported killed; 3 illegal bucks and 75 does.

Other game reported killed as follows:

Bear, 368; rabbits, 500,000; squirrels, 179,400; grouse, 1,392; wild turkeys, 2,950; ring pheasants, 107; quail, 26,223; woodcock, 25,660; wild water fowl, 32,907; raccoons, 32,255; shore birds, 17,695.

MEANING OF NAME DECEMBER

Twelfth Month's Title Derived From Latin Word "Decem," When There Were Only Ten Periods.

The name of December is no longer appropriate, for it is derived from "decem," the Latin word meaning "ten," declares a writer. The name was first applied by the Romans when the year was divided into ten months, with the addition of supplementary days to complete the period required for a revolution of the earth around the sun.

When the calendar of Romulus was amended in 713 B. C. by Numa Pompilius and the year was divided into twelve months December became the twelfth month, but retained its original name. The Emperor Commodus, who reigned in the second century, attempted to change the name of December to Amazonius, in honor of a fair favorite of that name, whom he had painted to resemble an Amazon. This innovation was not popular, and when Commodius died from poison administered by another feminine favorite the name of Amazonius died with him.

The ancient Saxons called the last month Winter-monat, which was afterward changed to Heilig-Monat, or holy month, when they were converted to Christianity. The modern Germans again changed the name to Christmonat, because the month contains the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

HOW BIG SHELLS ARE TESTED

High Explosives Subjected to Heat Treatment, Also Tried in a Brinell Ball-Testing Machine.

If you wish to test the hardness of an apple, the most natural way is to press down upon its surface and note the indentation of your thumb. This is simple and conclusive evidence. The French government employs a very similar test to prove the hardness of its high explosive shells, says the Popular Science Monthly.

To secure the maximum of destructiveness, it is important not only that the steel projectiles should be of a certain hardness, but also that they should not be too hard. After the casing has been roughly formed and hollowed out, the shells are subjected to what is known as a "heat treatment," by which the steel is brought to the correct hardness. To make doubly sure, the shells are tested in a Brinell ball-testing machine.

This machine tests the hardness of the shell exactly as your thumb tests the hardness of the apple. It is fitted with a small, hardened steel ball, which is pressed into the shell under a specified load. The indentation made by the ball is measured, and if within certain limits, the hardness is correct. If not, the shell must be further treated.

What Becomes of That Cent?

A farmer comes to town with 30 apples, which he sells three for a cent, getting, of course, 10 cents for them.

Another farmer, also with 30 apples, sells them two for a cent, getting 15 cents for his. They get 25 cents in all.

The next time they come in, with 30 apples each, they meet at the edge of town and put their apples together, making 60 apples. One man having sold two for a cent, the other three for a cent, they decided to sell them five for 2 cents.

They do so, and when they're through find out they have received but 24 cents.

The problem is, why did they not get as much for their apples selling them five for 2 cents as they did when they sold them separately, or, what becomes of the cent?

Building a Trench.

Trenches on the western front appear to the civilian eye which is fixed upon photographs to be just a ditch backed by dugouts. In reality, details a trench correspondent, an enormous amount of work and scientific study is required for the establishment of a complete winter trench.

For every mile a trench over 6,000,000 sand bags are needed. One man can fill a bag with earth and lift it to place 25 times in a night, when all the work of repairing trenches is done. It would take a battalion eight months to do this work.

A mile of trench and its concomitant protection demands 12,000 six-foot stakes, 12,000 small pickets, 6,250,000 sandbags, weighing 1,000 tons in all; 36,000 feet of corrugated iron, 1,125,000 feet of timber, etc.

Figured on a Big Scare.

"Mamma, didn't you say last week you wanted the carving-knife and the chopper sharpened?"

Mrs. Suburb—Indeed I did. Bless your little heart! How thoughtful you are! They are both so blunt as to be useless.

"Well, I'll take 'em round to the cutler's for you."

"How sweet of you to offer to do such things for your mamma, my little cherub! I'll wrap them up."

"No, don't wrap them up. I want them to show. There's a boy out there waiting to lick me; but I fancy when he sees me coming he'll go home!"

Smokeless Powder.

The advantages of smokeless powder, besides its virtue of high explosiveness, are two-fold. It does not create a smoke cloud that betrays the location of the gun or gunners, and at the same time the man behind the gun is not confused for a second by a pall of smoke that obscures the range of vision in the direction of the enemy.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Elizabeth Fagan et al to Carrol Stittella, tract of land in Philipsburg; $180.

Thomas R. Weber's assignee to J. Lynn Womer, tract of land in State College; $180.

Anna G. Gernon et al to John Zwaldiriga, tract af land in Philipsburg; $350.

Mary A. Womer et bar to Henry Allen, tract of land in Rush Twp; $195.

M. B. Hysong et ux to Mary A. Womer, tract of land in Rush Twp; $200.

David C. Poorman to Annie Noll, tract of land in Boggs Twp.; $100.

Louis Padesack et al to Joseph Padesack, tract of land in Snow Shoe Twp; $1.

Gill Mfg. Co. to Philipsburg Foundry & Mch. Co., tract of land in Philipsburg; $15,000.

Isabella Laws et ul to Catherine Rupe, tract of land in Rush Twp; $200.

Edward P. Houser to Ella Krebs, tract of land in Ferguson Twp; $20.

State's Football Schedule.

The following is State College's football schedule for 1918.

September 28—Muhlenburg at State College.

October 5—Gettysburg at State College.

October 12—Washington and Jefferson as Washington, Pa.

October 19—Dartmouth at Hanover, N. H.

October 26—Lebanon Valley at State College.

November 2—Cornell at Ithaca.

November 9—Rutgers at State College.

November 16—Lehigh at South Bethlehem.

November 28—Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh.

State Men at the Front

One of the best-known of State College athletes making ready overseas is Levi Lamb, '15 who wore the Blue and White for four years in football, track and wrestling. He is a lieutenant in infantry, detailed to Pershing's army.

Another widely-known athlete "over there" is B. C. (Casey) Jones, half back and end on State's elevens in 1915 and 1916. With him is W. C. ("Whitey") Thomas, a 'varsity end for Penn State in 1914 and 1915. Both are in U. S. aviation training camps near the French front.

Heister Painter, '17, who made his letter as center on Bill Wood's eleven in 1915, and G. R. Sutton, '18, a former lineman, are other football men preparing for the harder game on French soil.

Shortage of Coal to Continue

The coal shortage will continue until the end of the war in the opinion of State Fuel Administrator Potter who issued an appeal for coal conservation Friday. "We are just beginning to realize that we are in a great war" said Mr. Potter "and normal conditions will not be resorted until the conflict is ended. Saving of coal means the saving of life. Disorganization and criticism should cease and service and sacrifice substituted."

Meaning of "Sinn Fein."

"Sinn Fein" (pronounced Shinn Fain) is a Celtic expression meaning "ourselves alone," and is the name and motto of an Irish party which construes it as meaning both for and by the Irish alone. It dates actively from 1900 and claims to be more practical and comprehensive than any of the old parties that have aimed at Irish independence or self-government. Among other things, it proposes to establish a purely Irish parliament, army and navy, mint, civil and consular service, judiciary and school system; also the economic reorganization of Ireland by its own people on a purely Irish basis, including merchant marine, stock exchange, banks, etc.; all official and business matters and correspondence to be conducted in Gaelic, the use of English language to be boycotted in public offices, schools and business. These and many other interesting results are to be accomplished by passive means and peaceable methods. It is not stated exactly how, but by some kind of social and political pressure without violence.

The West Point Course.

The course of instruction at the West Point Military academy requires four years, and is chiefly mathematical and professional. Each cadet is paid by the government $700 a year while at the academy, that sum being about sufficient for his support. Only one leave of absence is allowed during the four years, and this is granted at the end of the second year. The regular session of study and academic duties continues from September 1 to June 1, the intervening months being spent in camp, where practical military training is given. At the end of four years cadets are graduated and commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army.

CAN YOU TALK TEMPERANCE?

If so you can sell Insurance for the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY and earn $100 to $500 per month as special or General Agent in your county. Experience not necessary. The only Life Insurance institution that does not insure the Drinker. PROMOTION and PERMANENT POSITION to acceptable men that make good.
John D. Knapp, Sec'y, 95 William St., New York.

Mary E. Snyder Dead.

After suffering for a number of years, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Snyder, wife of Samuel Snyder, of Tyrone, passed away Friday at the midnight hour. Death was due to a stroke of apoplexy. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Snyder was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lose. She was born May 30, 1856, and formerly resided at Beech Creek. On Feb. 15, 1883, she was united in marriage with Samuel Snyder, who with two children, Charles E., of State College, and Miss Ella E. Snyder, of Tyrone, survive. She was a sincere christian woman and bore her many years of suffering with patience and christian fortitude. She was a devoted member of the First Lutheran church of Tyrone. Mrs. Snyder is also survived by these brothers and sisters: Henry Lose, of DuBois; William Lose, of Reynoldsville; J. A. Lose, of Punxsutawney; Miss May E. Lose, of Altoona, and Mrs. I. T. Bitner, of DuBois. Funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. J. P. Miller.

Mrs. Catherine Tressler Dead.

Mrs. Catherine Tressler, one of Ferguson Township's esteemed residents, was found dead in bed last Wednesday morning. She had been in her usual good health and supposedly was not ill when she retired Tuesday night. She was born in Germany March 9, 1831. When a small girl, with a sister, Mrs. Cramer, deceased, she was brought to America to the home of David Wibley, then located in the wilderness near Circleville. She was twice married, her first husband being David Wibley, to which union four sons and a daughter were born. In 1885 she married Isaac Tressler, of Linden Hall, who died in 1903. For a number of years she cared for her son, Fred, a confirmed invalid. She was the oldest living member of the Pine Hall Lutheran church and was a grand old lady whose many acts of kindness will long be remembered. Burial was made in the Pine Hall cemetery Friday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. W. H. Frank officiating.

Mrs. Sarah Boggs Dead

Mrs. Sarah Boggs, an aged and esteemed resident of Altoona and a charter member of the Second Presbyterian church, died at her home at 2:50 o'clock Monday morning of lobar pneumonia superinduced by senility. She was ill but a brief time. Deceased was the daughter of Abram and Catherine Moyer and was born near Boalsburg, Centre Co. on December 23, 1831. She was married many years ago to John C. Boggs, who preceded her to the grave nineteen years ago. She was for more than a half century a resident of Altoona. Up to a few years ago she was active in church work and was held in esteem and respect by all who shared her acquaintance. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, of Bellefonte. Mrs. Gemmill Davis, of Ant Hills, is a niece and William E. Lightner, of Altoona a nephew. Services were conducted at 8.45 o'clock Tuesday evening and on Wednesday morning the body was taken to Huntingdon for interment.

Barbara Kreps Dead.

Barbara Kreps, one of the best known ladies of Ferguson Township, died last Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Ellery T. Parsons home at Meek's church, her illness being due to heavy cold and following a stroke of paralysis. She was born at the well-known Kreps farm at White Hall March 9, 1831, a daughter of the late David and Sarah Kogan Kreps, early settlers of that section. Her entire life was devoted to contributing to the comfort of others in time of need. Early in life she joined the Lutheran church and was always a most zealous member. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Archie Laird, of Fairbrook, and Mrs. Ellery T. Parsons, with whom she resided. There are also ten grand children and one great-grandchild. Funeral services were held at Meek's church Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, burial being made in the Meek cemetery. Rev. V. E. Nearhoof officiated.

Mrs. George Stroop Dead

About six weeks ago we chronicled the death of George Stroop, who at one time was an employe of the Republican office and a resident of Milesburg. He passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank McClure, at Patton, Cambria county. At the same time his wife was very ill and her death also at the home of her daughter, was expected at any time. She lingered however, until Monday when she was called to join her husband on the other side of the great gulf that separates time from eternity. The deceased was a most excellent lady and her death will be lamented by her friends in this community. She is survived by one child, Mrs. Patton, with whom she made her home. Interment was made in Tyrone by the side of her husband.

Death of a Little Girl.

Saturday Violet Esther B. Mayes, daughter of George and Virginia Lucas Mayes, died from pneumonia at the family home at McKeesport. The little girl was three years of age in October. The father of the child formerly resided at Snow Shoe while the mother is from Runville, her maiden name being Miss Virginia Lucas. The remains were brought to Bellefonte Tuesday afternoon and taken to the Advent cemetery for burial.

James Shultz Miller Dead

Monday morning between nine and ten o'clock, James Shultz Miller of Tyrone passed away at the Woomer home at Bald Eagle, of apoplexy. Mr. Miller was employed as a farmer and laborer at Fillmore. He had been home spending Sunday with his family. He got up early Monday morning, arranged the fires and ate a hearty breakfast. He had reached a point near the Woomer home at Bald Eagle, when he became violently ill and passed away before medical aid reached him. James Shultz Miller was born at Rock Forge, Centre County, July 4, 1847, and had resided in Tyrone the past sixteen years. April 22, 1879 he was united in marriage to Miss Annie Jonsonbaugh, who with the following children survive to mourn the husband and father's death: Mrs. Blanchard Fields, Miss Mary, Mrs. Roy Snyder, Miss Maude, Harry, Miss Jessie, and Miss Helen, of Tyrone.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter.....47
Eggs.....55

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat.....$2.10
Corn.....1.50

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BUSINESS CHANCES

We Establish Cut Rate Tire Agencies
There should be one in each locality
30x3 Non Skids $6.80
30x3 1-2 Non Skids $8 60
Small capital required. Profits are large.
For full particulars address
Popular Tire and Rubber Co
2658 Broadway, New York City

New Art Pictures of
WAR PRESIDENTS
Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS
The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50 Flags for 10 cents
200 " " 30 "
500 " " 50 "
1000 " " 80 "

W. H. Keen Company
1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Here's Your Chance
You Can Live
in a
New Up-to-Date
Home
By moving to Clearfield
We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.
For particulars apply to
Clearfield Textile Co.

For Music Lovers
We have for sale the following machines—all guaranteed:—
2 Standard Machines
1 Edison, second-hand
also Records for above, and the Victor and the Columbia
We solicit orders for
Victor Victrolas & Columbia Machines & Records
Repair work neatly and promptly attended to on all makes of talking machines, guns, locks, etc
Bryan & Rosenhoover
1st door above main entrance to Garman Opera House

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Lanning Irvin, of the Poor Farm, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher.

W. H. Baird, of Juniata, and Samuel Baird, of Lewistown, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

Prof. L. L. Smith spent Sunday with Mrs. Smith, at Gleason, Pa.

Miss Ada Baird, of Grandview, Wernersville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

Miss Ruth Fye is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon.

Mrs. Hassel Stere, of McVeytown, visited last week with Mr. and Mrs. James Baird.

Mrs. Joseph Griffith, of Curtin, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cartwright.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher, of Unionville, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher.

Thomas Moore, of Houtzdale, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Shope.

Andrew T. Boggs, of Osceola Mills, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Boggs.

Mahlon Baird, of Augusta, Ga., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Baird; having been called home on account of the illness of his mother.

Mrs. Ross Wallace, of Shamokin, visited Mr. and Mrs. James G. Wallace during the week.

Mrs. Charles Jodon was taken to the Bellefonte Hospital on Monday for an operation.

Thomas Sheckler, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

Forrest Emenhizer, of Hayes Run, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Emenhizer.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Tressler and children spent Sunday in Mill Hall.

Mrs. Martin Brower and daughter, of Runville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick.

F. M. Pletcher, assistant County Superintendent, visited the borough schools Monday morning.

Kenneth Shultz, who has been ill with pneumonia, is able to be around again.

Miss Mae Martin, of Hecla Park, visited with Mrs. Alice Meyer over Sunday.

Centre Hall.

Thomas Decker and wife, of Milroy, spent a day with Mrs. Decker's sister, Mrs. J. L. Tressler.

Miss Margaret E. Jacobs and her aunt Mrs. John W. Stuart, of State College, left Saturday for a visit to the former's brother, Guy W. Jacobs, of Stubenville, Ohio.

Saturday night was the coldest in years in this place, the thermometer being 14 below zero at 11.30 a. m. Sunday.

Norman Emerick and Bruce Stahl left for Altoona to take a position on the P. R. R.

Mrs. Mary E. Sharp went to Harrisburg to spend a few weeks with friends.

John Kramer and family, who moved to Lewistown some time ago, moved back again, owing to work being slack.

Mrs. B. F. Reish and son Rexford, of Milroy, spent Sunday with Mrs. Reish's father, the venerable Prof. W. A. Krise.

Reuben Colyer, of Pittsburgh, is around this locality tuning pianos. "Rube" is a first-class musician and understands musical instruments.

Miss Ethel Rowe, daughter of Samuel Rowe, has accepted a clerkship in the Penns Valley bank.

L. L. Smith, the liveryman, is preparing to have sale of his large livery stock, as he is going out of business. Everything will be sold. The sale will be held Feb. 23.

Pine Grove Mills.

Ice two feet is being housed here this week.

Sunday morning was one of the coldest of the winter and one-half the water pipes were frozen up and bursted. The big main to the Auman mill was bursted.

W. B. Ward, our esteemed townsman, is visiting with friends in the Mountain City, to be absent about a month.

Among the sick are Mrs. C. M. McCormick, suffering from heart trouble; Miss Mary Wood, who has a heavy cold; John Trostel, ill with pneumonia, and Mrs O'Bryan, afflicted with bronchial trouble. All are reported better at present.

Mother Earth is robed in two feet of purity that fell Monday night, and the blow on Tuesday has completely blockaded travel. No mail for two days.

Mrs. Samuel M. Hess was taken to the Bellefonte hospital last Thursday and underwent an operation Saturday morning. At this writing she is getting along nicely.

Jacob Reish had just about recovered from a siege of illness and was able to be about when he suffered a relapse. He is reported to be somewhat improved at present.

The recent snow has improved the sleighing and numerous sledding parties are being held. On Friday evening a party from State College and Lemont took the W. H. Glenn home on West Main Street by storm and soon were in full possession. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn were easily reconciled and joined in for an evening of splendid fun. Choice eatables were brought along by the visitors and a splendid feast was served. It was a blizzard journey for the merry-makers but they seemed not to mind the cold very much.

Samuel Everhart was an early passenger on the Lewisburg train Monday morning bound for the State Capitol, where he is aiding in serving out justice as a United States Court juror.

Rev. V. E. Nearhoof is conducting protracted meeting services in the M. E. church here this week. The meetings are fairly well attended and much interest is being manifested.

Boalsburg.

Miss Gladys Hazel went to Philadelphia, where she entered Banks Business College.

Peter McCully, of Grand Island, Neb., spent several days of last week at the James Poorman home.

Mrs. Harry Shugarts, of Altoona, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. George Shugarts.

Mrs. Alice Magoffin is visiting relatives at Pine Grove Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs entertained a number of people at their home on Friday evening.

J. F. Kimport was a recent Altoona visitor.

Mrs. Daniel Mothersbaugh and son, of Aaronsburg, are visiting at the O. L. Mothersbaugh home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Houtz and Mr. and Mrs. Orie Houtz and children, of Centre Furnace, spent Monday at the home of Willis Houtz.

Newton Yarnell, who was employed at Paxtonville, returned to his home here on Monday.

Mrs. John Charles spent Saturday in Bellefonte.

Recent visitors at the William Stover home were: John Stover, of Pleasant Gap; John and Louise Shuey, of State College, and John R. Stover, of Altoona.

House Representatives

The membership of the National House of Representatives, is as follows: Total membership, 435; Democrats, 211; Republicans, 209; independent group, 6; vacancies, 9. Vacancies are by four resignations, two deaths, and three absentees on army service.

Woodward.

Fred Snyder and Floyd Sheesley have gone to Milton to secure work.

Frank Haines, of Canyon, Texas, who was called hyme to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Amanda Haines, at Aaronsburg, spent a day in town at the home of his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Grenoble.

Mrs. Thos. Wolfe and three little girls, spent the last of the week at the home of her son, Harry Wolfe, in Mifflinburg.

Mrs. Dewey Motz, of Akron, Ohio, is spending some time at the home of her husband's parents, C. D. Motz. She is helping to nurse her husband, who is ill.

William Fultz and family moved to Northumberland one day last week.

I. B. Ard spent several days in Milton last week.

I. M. Orndorf lost a valuable cow by death last week.

Mrs Phoebe Krise and son, Elwood Orndorf, attended the funeral of her cousin at Vicksburg last Monday.

Mrs. Lizzie McDowell, who is making her home with Andrew Moyer, is suffering from a stroke of paralysis.

Rev. Dosch and Mrs. Harriet Haines are seriously ill.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

After being laid up for more than two months with typhoid fever, D. Wagner Geiss ventured down street on Monday for the first time. His many friends were glad to see him. Wagner has lost quite a little in weight, but his general condition is fine and it won't be long until he will round to in his old-time form.

In May Rev. John Weaver will graduate from the Lutheran Seminary at Selinsgrove and the indications are that he will receive a call from the Aaronsburg Lutheran charge. He has already preached trial sermons in each church on the charge and has made a favorable impression.

Mrs. Harry McManaway and her daughter, Miss Helen, left Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon for Newark, Ohio, where she will join her husband and there will make their future home. Mrs. McManaway is a sister of Harry Meyer, clerk in the County Commissioners office, and is a most excellent woman.

Mrs. Robert Mills Beach returned Monday afternoon from Philadelphia, where she attended a meeting of the StateBoard of Woman's Suffrage. She is very enthusiastic in the movement and is doing everything in her power to hasten the day when the women of the great Keystone State will have equal rights at the polls.

Linn McGinley, Jr., arrived in Bellefonte Saturday evening on an eight-day furlough. He is a member of the crew on the Minnesota which is tied up in the harbor somewhere. It is very likely that the government is giving the boys a little time off now for when the war opens right it will be difficult to tell how long they will be away.

About the middle of March James J. Gramley, ex-county treasurer, will take up his permanent residence at Freeport, Ill., by making his home with his two sons, Ellis and Joseph Gramley. He recently sold his farm, near Smullton, to William Hagen, of Madisonburg, for $5,500. At the departure of Mr. Gramley Centre County will lose one of its best citizens.

The State-Centre Electric Co. is having river coal shipped to their plant at Milesburg from their operation at Millersburg, Dauphin County, where the coal is taken from the river at a cost of twenty-five cents a ton. It will be mixed with the soft coal and in this way it can be used in the stokers. There are five or six carloads on the road and will be a great help toward furnishing light.

Saturday M. S. McDowell, director of the Agricultural Extension Department, representing the School of Agriculture, attended a conference in Washington, D. C., when an effort was made to get the government to exempt instructors and students of colleges from the draft. He was accompanied to the Capitol City by Prof. C. L. Kinsloe, head of the Department of Electrical Engineering representing the Engineering school.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services beginning Jan. 20: Sunday (Second Sunday after the Epiphany). 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 10 a. m. Church School. 11 a. m. Mattins and sermon, "The Church's War Commission." 7.30 p. m. Evensong and sermon, "The Baptism of Our Lord." Friday, Conversion of St. Paul. 10 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 7.30 p. m. Evensong and address. Visitors welcome. Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, rector.

There was a large attendance at the communion service of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church Sabbath morning. While this is true there are others who should have been there, but were conspicuous by their absence. Eleven persons were received by letter from other congregations and six were received upon profession of faith. The elders of the church are W. P. Humes, Charles Gilmore, Martin Altenderfer, James R. Hughes, Harry Yeager, James H. Potter, Henry Linn and W. B. Rankin.

John Savidge, a brother of Matt Savidge, editor of the Clearfield Public Spirit, dropped dead Wednesday.

The passenger train from Sunbury, over the Lewisburg & Tyrone railroad, reached Bellefonte on time Thursday morning, the first time for a decade. Surely we are going to "lick" the Kaiser.

Mrs. J. Fearon Mann, formerly of Bellefonte, but who has been a resident of Lewistown for a number of years, is quite ill at her home at that place. Her husband, it will be remembered, was the last of the Mann family to operate the axe factory at Axe-Mann.

Just about the time the Bellefonte Lumber Co. officials had come to the conclusion that they could not hope to re-open their plant for lack of fuel, a big car of coal was received on Saturday and Monday operations were resumed. Superintendent Smith is hoping that sufficient fuel may be received to keep things moving along without further interruptions.

S. D. Ray, proprietor of the Bellefonte shirt factory, whose timely rescue from the fumes of gas, as noted in last week's issue of The Republican, is about as usual and attending to business. He now realizes how slender was the cord that held him between time and eternity. He says that he will bet a corncake that gas will not catch him again, and let us all hope he wins the bet.

Saturday evening at 8.45 o'clock there will be a "crackerjack" game of basket ball pulled off in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. It will be between the fast and famous Windber team and the Bellefonte Academy team. Loughrey, a former student, and member of the Bellefonte Academy team, will be one of the opposing team, and thus the game will be played with "pep" and vigor.

John Waite, one of the Bellefonte boys hustling for the colors at Camp Meade, returned to camp last Saturday night, after a very enjoyable visit here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Waite. He said while here that every available man at Camp Meade is kept busy cutting wood for fuel, and that the weather there has been just about as cold as he found it here.

Mrs. Martha Broome, of Curwensville, who had been visiting her son, John Broom, at Millersburg, Dauphin County, arrived in Bellefonte last Thursday afternoon and spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Spencer, on Linn Street. It was her first visit to our town among the mountains and she was favorably impressed. Her maiden name was Martha Bilger and probably related to the families of that name in Centre County. She is a very pleasant lady and her short visit was very much enjoyed by her friends.

Mrs. John Olewine received the intelligence on Tuesday that her nephew, Dr. Herbert Waite, formerly of Lock Haven, is snowbound about one hundred miles west of Chicago. It will be remembered that on the 16th of December his wife died in Australia, where her husband was engaged in work for the Rockefellers. On the 10th of December he started home with the body and had the misfortune of being held up by snow drifts. He left the balance of his family in Australia until he knows just exactly what he is going to do in the future. He arrived in Harrisburg on Wednesday.

Rodger T. Bayard, better known here as "Bert" Bayard, local scribe on the Tyrone Herald, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday afternoon expecting to make connections with the Lewisburg and Sunbury train. His destination was Centre Hall, but when his train arrived here forty minutes late he found the other train had left. There were only two things for him to do, either to go over the mountain on "Shank's Mare" or hire some one to take him to his destination. We think he adopted the latter method, although if he had walked it might have taken some of that surplus flesh off him.

Last Saturday evening the Lock Haven High School basket ball team arrived unheralded in town for a game with the Bellefonte High School five. The local boys had been informed that the game had been cancelled and consequently had not even engaged in practice for it. However, upon learning that the Lock Haven boys were here a local team was assembled and the game played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. To the surprise of the Bellefonte boys, who went into the game without any preparation, they won by a score of 26 to 23. Strange to say while comparatively few persons in town knew that the game was in progress, the receipts at the door netted about $7.

Next Sabbath afternoon a great joint meeting of the Bellefonte Sunday Schools will be held in Petriken Hall at 3.30 o'clock. The meeting will be held under the auspices of the local W. C. T. U. and in the interest of National Constitutional Prohibition. On this day special services will be held in all the Sunday Schools in the United States to hear addresses in favor of the prohibition movement. Ives Harvey, president of the Centre County Sunday School Association, has been fortunate in securing for this occasion W. C. Pearce, of Chicago, Field Secretary of the International Sunday School Association, who will make the principal address. He is an exceptionally fine speaker and it is hoped that there will be a large turn-out to greet and hear him.

Guard Against Illness

HOT WATER BOTTLES

Are Always Useful

Complete Line of Rubber Goods

Fountain Syringes, Atomizers, etc.
superior quality---Reasonable prices.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores

John R. Thompson, of Salona, the lumberman, was in Bellefonte Tuesday calling on some of his friends. His presence here recalls the good old days of former years when the business men of Clinton and Centre counties held the big union picnics at Hecla Park, when Frank Warfield, J. Calvin Myer and other since deceased prominent gentlemen were active in the big affair. Mr. Thompson did his share toward making these outings a success.

Wednesday of last week a stranger hired a horse at the livery stable of George Hurley at Philipsburg, brother of ex-Sheriff W. E. Hurley, of Bellefonte. That is the last that has been seen of the horse thief. He must have gone somewhere and joined the army. However, the owner has been trying to catch him. A reward has been offered for his return. Since the above was written the horse and sleigh was discovered Monday standing at the blacksmith shop at Waddle. The culprit left the outfit there and said he would return it. It was identified by ex Sheriff W. E. Hurley and others.

The many friends of Hon. John A. Woodward, of Howard, will be sorry to hear that he is ill and under the care of a physician. He is suffering from a bad cold and the doctor's advice was "go to bed." While his illness is not alarming every precaution will be exercised to keep his condition from becoming worse. Mr. Woodward is about 72 years of age and a man who has a state-wide reputation for being "up to snuff" when it comes down to agriculture. So popular has he become that at one time his name was mentioned as a prominent candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. It is to be hoped that many days may yet be added to his usefulness.

Money Returned to Children

The bank at Huntingdon which held on deposit the Thrift Saving club of the schools, announced recently that as a patriotic motive they would discontinue the same and return the money to the children. This was done on Friday, when $1,200 which the school children had accumulated, was returned to them and a representative of the bank urged them all to invest their money in Government Thrift stamps and War Certificates. The idea seems worthy of emulation.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:

Miss Mary Ayres, Miss Jane Ayres, Hartley Banking Co., The Busy Bee Washer Co., William Hearn, Mrs. Margaret Bottze Kewaney, Mrs. Edward Kline, R. R. Lee, W. L. Luremia, Miss Helen Serge, Miss Emma Webb, Miss Dora Wickersham Coe.

Centre Engineering & Foundry Co.

S. Thomas St. - Bellefonte, Pa.

All Kinds of Gray Iron Castings

Sled Soles a Specialty

Send us pattern, or bring sled so we can get shape.

All Kinds of Machine Work

Call us on Commercial phone and let us quote you on scrap iron and steel.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

In Re-Divorce :—

Clara Pearl Powers Wallace vs. Winfield Brinton Wallace.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County No. 41, May Term, 1917.

To Winfield Brinton Wallace. Whereas your wife, Clara Pearl Powers Wallace, has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas, Centre County, Penna., No. 41 May Term 1917, praying for a divorce against you. Now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on the fourth Monday of February, 1918, to answer the complaint of the wife, Clara Pearl Powers Wallace, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Pearl Powers Wallace should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
December 24th, 1917

GEO. H. YARNELL,
Sheriff of Centre County.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there has been appraised and set apart to Catherine Kunes, widow of Nathan M. Kunes, late of Liberty Twp., dec'd, real and personal property, under the Provisions of Section 2 of the Act of Assembly of June 2, 1917, P. L. 447, as follows, to wit :

Personal Property	-	$331.72
Real Estate	- -	75.00

Description of Real Estate.

All that certain lot of ground situate and being in the Village of Eagleville, township of Liberty, Centre Co., Penna., Beginning at a post on the northeast corner of the Wm. Singer estate, thence along said lot South 27 degrees East 9.2 perches to post along Bald Eagle St., thence along said street, North 82 3-4 degrees East 6 8 perches to a locust post, thence along lands of Matilda Gardner East 27 degrees West 12 9 perches to a post by alley, thence along alley south 53 1 2 degrees West 6.4 perches to the place of beginning. Containing seventy and seven-two one hundredths perches more or less. The above appraisement has been confirmed Nisi, by the Court and publication ordered, and if no exceptions be filed thereto within thirty days the same will be confirmed absolutely by the Court.

FRANK SASSERMAN, C. O. C.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that recently there came upon the premises of the undersigned, one mile from Clarence, Centre County, Pa., a cow, aged probably eighteen months, red in color about body, with white legs. Owner is hereby notified to call and pay costs incurred by the undersigned or the said cow will be disposed of at public sale.

VALENT SVANCAR,
Clarence, Pa.

Public Sales.

FEBRUARY 28.—W. H. Coldwell will sell on February 28th, 1918, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the Aaron Hall place, 3 1-2 miles north of Unionville, 10 head horses and colts, 6 milk cows, 9 head young cattle, 2 brood sows, 13 shoats; also full line of implements. Free lunch. L. F. Mayes, Auct.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

DAIRY FEED—J. S. Waite & Co., will get a car load of dairy feed this week.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

WANTED.—Girl for general housework. Good home; good wages. Charles K. Beatty, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework in private family of four. Communicate with Mrs. W. H. Martin, State College, Pa.

FOUND—A bunch of keys was found on Thomas Street, Friday, by Perry Moran. If the owner comes, proves property, and pays for this notice he can have them.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

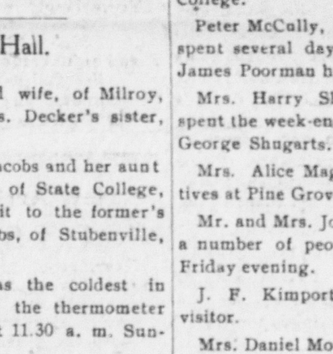
PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

SALESMEN—Also managers for selling branches in each county for large calendar manufacturers. Start December 15. Will pay good money to capable men. Consolidated Calendar and Novelty Co. Erie, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable man, resident of Bellefonte, to manage local selling branch, also one salesman for Bellefonte and one living in each adjoining county. Address Consolidated Calendar & Novelty Co., Erie, Pa.

LIFE INSURANCE—Men attention: A progressive well established life insurance company has open a general agency connection for the Bellefonte District. Liberal commission and office allowance. Those interested in making a permanent association can receive full particulars by addressing General Manager, Suite 826 Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles
stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Miss Mariana's Family

By Hilda Morris

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Miss Mariana Winn's old house fronted on Shannon Square. Shannon Square was not large. It was one of those blessed bits of green that offer playgrounds for children, shade on hot days, and sunny benches on the crisp, cool afternoons that come in the late September.

There were always plenty of people in Shannon Square, for below it was a poorer section of the city, crowded with children. The children sought the park as ducks seek water, and older people followed—big sisters to look after the children, old men who liked to sit and watch life go past, and sometimes young people who anxiously scanned the "Help Wanted" columns in the papers.

Miss Mariana liked to open the long white shutters at her front window and watch the people in the Square. She had no veranda, and the little park was her front yard. She loved it at all times of the year, but especially in autumn, when the leaves piled up for children to play in and the branches, half unveiled, traced delicate patterns against the sky.

In truth Miss Mariana was sometimes a little lonely and she found comfort in the people outside. She used to imagine things about them; make up romantic stories about their apparently sordid lives. Her own life had been so quiet, so remote from romance, that it thrilled her delicately even to think of romantic things, such as love affairs and travel and adventure. Miss Mariana was only twenty-eight, but she had spent her life in a quiet round of duties that was like a still back-water in the city's busy life. Her mother had been an invalid, requiring constant care, and when she did Mariana was thin and a bit faded, with a spare figure and plain coiffure that were far from girlish. Yet there was a look of innocent youth in her eyes, shy, and a bit wistful. There was no one to notice it, however, and she continued to live alone in the old house, watching the people in the park and filling her days with dreams.

There was one young man in particular who sat in the Square very often. He brought a little boy with him—a fine, sturdy child of about four, who romped on the patch of lawn with the other children. The young man himself always seemed to be busy. He would write steadily for several hours at a time, only looking up now and then to call the child, or going after him if play became too rough. Sometimes the little boy would come and climb upon the bench with his father, snuggling a curly head against his shoulder. And the young man would pat the child and go on working, now and then looking down to smile at his little son. They seemed to be good pals.

Mariana tried vainly to imagine what the young man might be doing. Also, she wondered where the mother was and why there was no one else to care for the boy. She often hoped that the young father, who must be a widower, would notice some of the pretty girls who sat in the park. It was a shame for such a pleasant man to look so lonely. But he never did notice any of the girls. After all, he looked quite like a gentleman, and they were not his kind of girls. He was probably an author; she had heard that they were usually poor.

"I wonder that child doesn't get into mischief," thought Miss Mariana. "I guess it's a good thing I'm sitting here wrapped up in that book, or whatever it is he's writing."

And then as the young man looked up, gazing abstractly, apparently toward the window where she sat, Mariana leaned forward eagerly to notice his fine, clean profile. Her eyes were bright with an innocent interest. It never occurred to her that he might be looking at her—nobody had ever cared much about looking at her, even when she was very young. Unconscious of his gaze, she sat there, rocking gently, between her long white shutters, the very picture of homely peace and quiet. After that the author's eyes strayed often from his work, as though he must seek inspiration in the walls of a red-brick cottage or the long white shutters at its windows.

The day after this the young man did not come into the park at all. Mariana, having finished her simple household tasks, took her place at the accustomed window, eager for a sight of the life that moved about outside. If she was eager for the sight of one particular person she did not know it herself. Her heart was unused to even the first throb of that emotion called love. Love as she had read about it was a thrilling thing, that came upon one suddenly, usually in some picturesque environment, and she had never imagined that it could steal over any woman like a gentle warning tide of happiness. However, she was happy; there was a shine in her eyes and a budding smile upon her lips. Although she did not know it, Mariana Winn was looking younger than usual.

But as the afternoon went on the smile faded a little. She wanted to see the little boy. She searched eagerly among the throngs of children. Ah, there he was! A stout, rosy-faced young girl had him firmly by the hand. She was leading him toward the bench where the father usually sat. Miss Mariana craned her head to look at the young woman. Somehow she had never supposed the little boy's mother would look like that. He was adorably brown-curled, but she wore flaxen frizzes that looked suspiciously artificial. She was a bit untidy, too, and her soiled white shoes were run down at the heels. A long sigh of disappointment escaped Miss Mariana, and some frail thing of the spirit seemed borne away from her on its faint breath. The shine had left her eyes, but she sat watching.

Being comfortable established on the bench, the blonde-haired young woman drew out a novel and began to read. The little boy danced away to play, and the autumn afternoon shadows lengthened visibly. At last it grew very dark and chill at Miss Mariana's window.

Suddenly the air was rent by a child's shrill scream—shrill enough to be heard above the sounds of traffic and the noise of children's play. Mariana Winn looked out quickly to see the little boy—his little boy—with blood streaming from a hurt on his forehead. He had fallen perhaps, or—Miss Mariana did not wait for conjectures. She rushed out into the park and gathered the weeping child into her arms, smoothing the dark curls from the cut on his head. It was not a serious injury, but she bore him into the house, followed by a troupe of curious youngsters.

She had completely forgotten the blonde-haired young woman, and it was not until she had washed the cut and bound it up, and established Tommy on the sofa with a ginger cooky, that an angry ring at the door proclaimed the fact that the young woman was in search of him. Moreover, she was not alone. The father, white with anxiety, stepped in first.

"Where—" he began. Then, seeing Tommy, he hugged the child and turned to Mariana with eager, anxious questions.

"He isn't hurt much," she assured him. "Only he was frightened, and there seemed to be no one near—"

"Where were you, Theresa?" he asked sharply, turning to the rosy blonde.

"I—why I was just over by the gate talking to a fella. I—"

"That will do for you, then. I hired you to look after Tommy. If you can't do it better than that you may go."

"All right, I'll go then," she retorted pertly. And Miss Mariana's door slammed after her, leaving a strange quiet behind it.

The young man sat looking at her with wistful eyes, that made Miss Mariana drop her own, and a warm blush filled her cheeks. He was speaking—something about being very grateful to her for looking after the child, something about being very lonely, and having no one to care for Tommy. Whatever it was he said, it sent strange thrills of ecstasy through Mariana Winn. When she spoke she looked so young and eager one would scarcely have known her.

"Bring him here again," she was saying. "I'd love to take care of Tommy sometimes. I've nothing else to do, and I love children. Bring him when ever you like; but please don't leave him to any such nursemaids again. I'd so much rather you'd bring him here."

"I will, then," he agreed, "if you really mean it. And I wonder—could I come again some time, too?"

"Oh, yes," she nodded lightly. "Of course. Only I don't believe I know your name."

"Henry Moore. And you are Miss Winn, I know. I will come again."

He said this as if he meant it. And Miss Mariana knew that he meant it. She went about her work singing after they were gone. For deep in her heart she knew.

Portable Telephone.

"This is only the eleventh time I have been up and down stairs to answer that telephone this morning," sighed a physician's wife. "I should like to sew just one hour in peace."

"Why don't you have a portable telephone?" suggested the sympathetic seamstress. "Mrs. X has one, and my! you have no idea the steps it saves her. You know she is quite a club woman, and has so many calls. The arrangement is simply an ordinary desk telephone with a very long cord. When she goes up to the den at the head of the stairs to sew or write, it seems funny enough to see her go telephone in hand. In the kitchen she has it handy on the cabinet, and when resting on the living porch she does not even have to get out of the hammock to answer a telephone call. Your telephone being stationary at the stairway landing, a similar arrangement could be effected."

Impertinent.

"I wish to report the clerk in your office," said the irate spinster of mature years to the manager of the seaside hotel. "She's most impertinent."

"How so, madam?"

"I inquired whether my rooms had been reserved, and she called out to the porter, 'Do you think this lady's sweet sixteen?'"

And it took the manager a quarter of an hour to convince her that "suite" 16 was meant.

Congratulations.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said the mild stranger.

"What for?" asked the grumpy man.

"Oh, anything—nothing—the glorious weather, the green fields, the birds, the fact that you are well and strong. Isn't that something?"

"No."

"Then congratulate me for not having a disposition like yours."

BOY ROBBER LOST HIS NERVE

Youth Reported Alleged Visit of Bandit, But Later Was Induced to Produce Stolen Jewelry.

A thrilling story of guns, masks and robbery, which had stirred a country neighborhood by its recital, melted into the make-believe of a yello-back novel, once investigators were on the job, says the Indianapolis News. A talk between two persons, which is said to have occurred behind a farmer's barn, led to the recovery of loot in the form of jewelry and a confession from a boy, who reluctantly dragged from his trousers pocket the remains of a dollar bill.

Sheriff Coffin was called in by neighbors after the boy, whose name is purposely withheld, had communicated to persons with whom he lived that a very dark man, wearing a mask over his face, had visited his home while he was alone; that he had been threatened with a shotgun and, after rifling the house, had forced the boy to leave with him. About a mile from the house, the boy related, the stranger gave him 25 cents and told him to "keep his mouth shut." A duck and a Belgian hare also were taken, the boy declared.

When the sheriff arrived there was a consultation behind the barn, and when it had been concluded the boy dug the jewelry out of the ground, told his friends that he had sold the duck at a nearby grocery for some money; that the Belgian hare escaped while he was on his way to the grocery, and that the masked man was the creation of his own imagination.

"Give him another chance," the sheriff told the guardians of the wayward boy. "He won't do it again."

The boy nodded confirmation.

FOOD ORDERS ARE OBSERVED

Meatless and Wheatless Menu in Connection With Lord Mayor's Annual Banquet at Mansion House.

At last the gaunt figure of famine has stalked into the Mansion House and edited the menu of the lord mayor's banquet. There, everybody who knows anything about English history or about good eating, knows that the center, the very palate, of gourmandise is situated, according to a London correspondent.

The British empire is ransacked for edibles and potables to furnish forth this aldermanic holiday. And when the occasion's star guest, the premier, rises to shake the pillars of the world with his address, the guests are often in such a state of torpor that they have to scan the morning papers to find out what he really said. But war has changed all that. When the time for this year's banquet approached, London's sensational press began to shout for a war menu so loudly that his lordship had to come out and assure the reporters of the meatlessness and wheatlessness of the coming feast. Another of England's glories vanished!

Sewing Machines in Arabia.

The sale of sewing machines in Arabia has increased since the war begun, owing in part to the demand of Red Cross organizations. A recent shipment of 600 American machines, according to a correspondent, will be disposed of as follows: One hundred in Aden, 200 in Abyssinia, 100 in Red Sea ports and 200 in the Persian Gulf district. There is also an increased demand on the part of the natives. Germany formerly supplied the territory with cheap machines, but the stocks of these are low, and American products now lead. Foot-power sewing machines are in growing preference over the hand-operated type, but electrically-driven machines cannot be sold, as there is no general electric service plant in Aden. Dust and rust are difficulties experienced in the use of the machines in the Arabian climate.

Alcohol for Fuel.

A committee of Australian scientists is investigating the possibilities of commercial alcohol in place of gasoline as a fuel for internal combustion engines, notes a correspondent. They find that an engine can easily be run on alcohol and that its thermal efficiency, when so run, is somewhat higher than with gasoline fuel. However, they also find that alcohol must be far cheaper by the pound than gasoline, and somewhat cheaper by the quart, if it is to be as economical a fuel in terms of dollars and cents. Moreover, an engine will not start from a cold condition on alcohol.

Lantern on Broadway.

The dimming of the white lights in New York has brought the jokers to the fore. Recently after the current had been turned off a man walked up the big street with a lighted lantern. He wended his way across Broadway, and after swinging the lantern about his head much after the fashion of trainmen signaling, he continued up the street. He had sown seeds that began to sprout in many directions and a few minutes later rival humorists appeared with lanterns, electric flashlights, and one optimist tried to keep a candle going as he walked down toward Times Square.

Boche Had Sense of Humor.

Rain had fallen steadily for three days and nights and the trenches were in frightful condition. The German trenches, a few yards distant, were in an even worse state. Suddenly a plaintive voice cried out:

"Are you dere, Jock? Haf you whisky? We haf plenty water!"

Not bad for a boche, the platoon decided.—From "All in It," by Ian Hay.

Where Did You Lunch?

By Annabel Wade

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"Hello, Bob."

"Oh, hello, Jane."

"Bob, mother just telephoned from the country that she's coming to town for the day, and I'm going to meet her. Can't you have lunch with us?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. Where?"

"At the Ivey Lane tearoom—you know, in Thirty-ninth street. We've been there."

"Oh, yes; one of those frothy, whipped-cream places—I know!"

"Well, it's all right, Bob—and mother loves their chicken pies."

"I'm awfully sory, Jane, but I've thought of something. I'm afraid I can't make it. I've just thought of something—an engagement, you know. A business engagement, dear, that I can't very well break."

"Why, Bob, how funny! First you said yes and then you said no. You have to have some lunch, don't you?"

"Yes, but I'll just run in my usual place. It's right in this block, you know."

"But, Bob, please come!"

"I tell you I can't."

"I think you're perfectly horrid, to spoil my day like that!"

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't begin that. I don't see what difference lunch makes. If you're crazy to have me lunch with you, why don't you come down to my place?"

"I wouldn't have lunch with you for anything, Bob Lane. Crazy to lunch with you! I should say not! Not in that greasy little Italian table d'hote place, anyway."

"Now, Jane, don't go and get all excited—"

But Jane had snapped back the receiver on the hook and she heard no more. With wrathful thoughts she hurried into her coat and furs and left the little apartment, where, as she thought sadly, Bob and she had so lately had a delightful breakfast. She hurried downtown to meet her mother.

It was a preoccupied Jane who shopped that morning, and usually Jane liked shopping. That was why Mrs. Carter, her mother, had telephoned that she wanted to buy new furnishings for the living room in her country house and wanted Jane to help in selecting them.

"What's the matter, Jane?" asked Mrs. Carter, as they made their way from one of the shops to the Ivy Lane. "You haven't taken a bit of interest in anything we've done."

"I'm just upset about Bob. He's acting so strange, mother. He would not have lunch with us today."

"Maybe he had an engagement. You know the Ivy Lane is a mile or so from his office."

"But first he said he would and then he said he wouldn't, and he never acted that way before."

"Probably the poor boy is rushed to death and just can't take time. Do be sensible, Jane."

"But, mother," explained Jane, "he called the Ivy Lane a horrid, old, frothy, frivolous place, or something like that. I think that was hateful."

Mrs. Carter laughed. "Men never like tea rooms," she said. "Where does he usually go?"

"Oh, to a grubby little Italian table d'hote down in Eighteenth street."

"Well, let's go down there and surprise him. He probably just couldn't stand the thought of lunching in a tea room, crowded with a lot of shoppers. There aren't many men usually at the Ivy Lane, you know."

"So you suppose that was it?" Jane's face cleared a little. "I thought he just didn't want to lunch with me. But maybe that it is. Oh, mother, you're wonderful. Let's go right down to Eighteenth street."

Jane was buoyant. Bob himself had suggested that they meet him at the table d'hote, she remembered. Yet for a little while she had almost felt jealous of Bob. Jealous! Of Bob! The idea was absurd. And, anyway, what was there to make her jealous because Bob hadn't wanted to lunch with her?

A few minutes later a Jane with spirits restored to their usual cheerful pitch walked down the two or three steps that led from the sidewalk level to the Italian table d'hote where Bob lunched daily. Jane had been there before, and as the savory odor of the stew on which the chef of the little place specialized met her nostrils she suddenly saw Bob's objection to the whipped-cream sort of lunch she usually got when shopping. A good substantial meat dish—that did make a more staying lunch for a man. And as she served corn bread and whole-wheat muffins for breakfast and tried to have fish several times a week for dinner, she couldn't blame Bob for indulging in a luncheon each day that could make him forget war-time restrictions.

Jane smilingly bowed to the proprietor.

"I'm Mrs. Lane," she said. "Will you show us Mr. Lane's table?"

The proprietor graciously bowed them to a corner table, where Bob always lunched. But Bob was not there. They sat down and waited. But Bob didn't come. At last they ordered lunch and ate it.

That is, Mrs. Carter ate it. Jane did not. She toyed with a roll and crumbled it with her nervous fingers. And she did not even taste the wonderful stew.

"Jane, you're the silliest girl I ever saw," commented Mrs. Carter, as she ate the good things provided by their Italian host with a relish. "I really think that, with as good a husband as you have, Jane, you ought to show a little self-control and confidence. You are jealous now, aren't you?"

"I am not jealous," flared Jane. "Only why on earth did Bob tell me he was coming here when he didn't intend to at all. He knew I wouldn't come here—I never would have, if it hadn't been for you. All the time he intended to have lunch some place else."

"Of course, what you're thinking, Jane, is that he is having lunch some where else with somebody else, isn't it?"

"Well, I'd like to know how I can help thinking that!"

Mrs. Carter lifted the thick little cup of black coffee to her lips and then ate her last morsel of cheese.

"When your father and I were young, Jane—"

"Oh, please don't go and preach about you and father. Of course, you never got jealous. But father probably never did a thing like this."

Jane pulled her fur collar about her neck. "I suppose that hateful, ingratiating little man knows I'm mad," she thought. But the proprietor bowed with an inscrutible smile as they left the restaurant.

When Jane got home she first decided to make some sandwiches and leave them, with a pitcher of milk, on the dining-room table, and then go to bed with a pretended headache. But after she had thought the matter over a little she went to work to prepare a dinner of unusual excellence.

"I'll just let him know I'm not jealous, anyway," thought Jane. "And I'll never tell him I went to his horrid old lunch place, either. If that proprietor don't tell him—but, then, of course, he won't."

Jane bustled about planning and cooking dinner. Then she dressed in a frock that Bob especially liked, and when he came in was ready to greet him with more than her usual enthusiasm. So intent was she on her effort not to seem peeved that at first she did not notice Bob's grouchiness. But when he sat down opposite her at dinner she saw his frown, an unusual thing with Bob.

"Where did you lunch today?" His first words were disturbingly direct.

"Why—at the Ivy Lane," lied Jane quickly.

Bob looked at her keenly. Suddenly the tables were turned and Jane appeared to be on the defensive. Bob had asked her the one question that she longed to ask him.

"At the Ivy Lane, did you? What time?"

"Oo—at one; yes, at one."

"That's mighty strange," said Bob, and a quick look of distrust came into his face.

"Oh, Bob, don't look at me like that! I didn't have lunch there at all. I—"

"Well, then, why did you say you were going to?"

"I'd like to know what right you have to get cross about where I had lunch. Where did you have lunch?"

"Why, at the Ivy Lane. I hate those tea rooms. But you seemed so cut up about it when I said I couldn't come up that I hustled up there, and then you weren't there."

"Bob!" Jane was out of her chair and around at his side in a moment. "Bob, listen to me. I had lunch down at your grubby little Italian place. Mother and I thought we'd come down and surprise you—and then you were not there—and I thought—"

"What did you think, Jane?"

"Oh, I don't know what I thought! But I think you're the most wonderful man alive!"

PROFESSOR IN A QUANDARY

Educator, Accused by Wife With Not Kissing Her as He Left House, Blames Self With Short Memory.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator John W. Smith of Maryland referred to the subject of absent-mindedness, and fittingly recalled a story about a professor who had lapses along that particular line.

On returning home to dinner one evening, the professor was met at the door by his wife, who led him into the house with a reproving air.

"Do you know, John," said the good woman, a little poutfully, "that you went away this morning without kissing me good-by?"

"You don't really mean it, Mary?" returned the professor, laying aside his hat and gloves. "Surely you must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, I am not!" declared Mary, with great positiveness. "Not a single kiss did you give me!"

"Is that so?" rejoined the professor, with a thoughtful expression. "Then who in the deuce did I kiss?"

Biding His Time.

"How much is a chiken wuff?" inquired Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"What do you care?" inquired the dealer. "You are raising chickens of your own."

"Yes. An' every night or so, I misses a chicken. I's gineter let it go on till de price rises a few mo' notches an' den I's gineter make it a case of grand larceny."

A Splendid Idea.

"Vera always uses such dangerously long hatpins."

"Yes, but she's careful to sterilize them."

PATRIOTISM OF THE STOMACH

Neither Fried Chicken Nor Biscuits Found by Hungry Hunters on Farmer's Table.

There are all kinds and varieties of patriotism—almost as many as there are pickles of a certain variety. There is the patriotism of speech, the patriotism of arms, of money, of service and so on. But of them all the hardest for the average individual is the patriotism of the stomach. So thought a bunch of Indianapolis men who invaded Brown county for a day of hunting, says the Indianapolis News.

After a day of hiking and tramping over the hills, in which a nice string of rabbits was the prize, these "tired business men" adjourned to the farmer's house where they had planned on a big "feed." You can imagine their surprise and disgruntled feelings when on seating themselves at the table they found neither meat nor bread. The expected fried chicken and hot biscuits were missing. Of course, no one said anything, but a good many thoughts made the air quiet.

That evening as they were leaving for the train the old farmer friend pointed to a small placard in the window, and said: "Well, boys, the next time you come down we'll have that fried chicken and biscuits. Mary said we was a member of the United States food administration now, and what was the use of havin' a pledge card if you didn't keep the pledge."

They had chosen the wrong day. Besides bringing home a lesson to some of the party it served to call their attention to the fact that almost every home down there, no matter how humble and how far back in the hill, had a food administration pledge card in the window.

BANANA FLOUR AND BREAD

Green Fruit, Full Grown, Is Peeled, Sliced and Dried, Then Ground in Ordinary Corn Mill.

At a meeting of the Horticultural club of Trinidad, samples of banana flour and bread were exhibited and the method of preparation described. It was explained that the bananas from which the flour and bread were made had been taken from trees only five days previously, the 'silk fig' small variety of bananas producing the best results, reports Henry D. Baker, American consul at Trinidad:

The process was described as follows: "Full-grown green bananas should be selected. Peel, slice and dry quickly, preferably on a galvanized sheet, then grind in ordinary corn mill. From 63 pounds of green bananas 16½ pounds of flour had been obtained in the specimens shown. The bread, which was very palatable, had been made from two parts of banana flour and one part of wheat flour. The banana flour could also be used as a substitute for oatmeal porridge and also for making puddings.

Army Medical Department.

There are now more than 13,900 officers engaged in the work of the medical department of the army, including regular army officers and the four officers' reserve corps—medical, dental, veterinary and sanitary—connected with the work under Surgeon General Gorgas, says the Medical Journal. It is estimated that at least 24,000 physicians will be included in the personnel of the department when full strength is reached. Every step in caring for the physical welfare of the soldiers from the time they are sworn into service until they are discharged comes under the medical department. In this work is included inspection of foods to be served soldiers, sanitation, care of the sick and wounded, the operation of field base and convalescent hospitals, "re-education" of the permanently crippled, handling the supplies for all this work, etc. The total number of hospital beds will be on a basis of 25 per cent of the strength of the army.

Don't Flatter Yourself.

"Somehow I was always different from other people," is a common saying among men, even among those who lay no claim to any special virtue, observes Los Angeles Times. Indeed, the statement is often made by those who pretend to be ashamed of their vices, but who are really almost proud of them. To feel like that and to admit it is only a confession of the egotism common to humanity. Whoever you are, you are only different from others in personality. You belong to the race and probably are neither better nor worse than any one of the vast majority. Everybody thinks that he is different from all the rest. He ain't!

To Save Tin Now Wasted.

A small electric furnace has been installed and operation begun on the volatilization of tin from scrap at the Northwest experiment station of the United States bureau of mines at Seattle, Wash., says the Engineering and Mining Journal. An extensive series of experiments will be carried out there with the idea of saving the tin now wasted in discarded containers and other forms of scraps.

Starting It.

"Darling," she said, "you know we really ought not to fuss with each other. Now, I want to make an agreement with you that we will never say a harsh word or have a single dispute."

"All right, I'm with you," he agreed, "but before we begin, I'd like to know where in thunder you put those blankety-blank clean socks you said you darned."

Tongue of Fame

By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

After supper was over, young Gideon Sennett changed his rough clothing for a little better suit, then set to walk up the road towards the Alstetter homestead.

He had worked hard in the hayfield all day. His back ached, his arms were sore but this was Wednesday night. On the white wooden steps of the church a mile away, Flavilla Lingerel would wait for him. They could sit there quietly until he was rested.

Flavilla was there. He saw her from afar, her pink calico gown making a bright spot against the whiteness of the steps. It was just after sunset when he started, there were rosy clouds still in the west. Flavilla was not a pretty girl, but she had a smile that meant volumes. It was worth a very long walk to see.

These two devoted young people were shy and awkward in the expression of deep feeling between them. Their very loneliness while boy and girl at school had drawn them to each other. He was an orphan and her father had long since married a woman who resented her existence. Neither Gideon or Flavilla had any but a grudged life up to the time each was able to work. Then came days of toil with little to enliven them or breed aspiration.

Stranger things have happened than that both should be absurdly ambitious. In Gideon's family, two generations back, there had been a preacher. He was a devout man, well educated for his time, and not without power in oratory. His son, Gideon's father, had been not only stupid, but a ne'er-do-well. In his grandson, Gideon revived the devotion, the ambition, the gift of speech, the sturdy industry.

Flavilla wanted a home different from what her home had been. She dreamed of peaceful days, of thrifty management, of love, of being kind to those about her. She entered enthusiastically into Gideon's ideas, she stimulated him from his boyhood to daring dreams of success.

For seven years they worked, toiled, dreamed. Tonight, as they sat on the steps of the church where the grandfather had lifted up his voice, they seemed little nearer to the fulfillment of their hopes than before. Physically weary, Gideon's spirits wavered.

Flavilla was a year the older. That counts a great deal at 19 and 20. Besides, in her burned a more enthusiastic and steady fire.

"I don't see how it can be done this fall, Flavie. I've got the money for the college course, but how am I going to live?"

"Twouldn't take much to keep us."

"Us! O, Flavie!"

"You're never going without me, Gideon, I've got some money, you know."

"It might be. When hayin's over. I'll go up and see."

This is the reason why a meeting of the faculty of a certain college and theological seminary was interrupted one day by a stalwart country lad. He came asking impetuously for entrance into college, with little money and no church influence to back him.

Then Gideon talked. The spirit of his grandfather seemed in him. He told of his dreams for years, his toil and Flavilla's interest and encouragement. How well he expressed himself at that time he never knew, but as the old president walked from Recitation Hall to the library afterwards with the professor of Greek, he said gently.

"It is a long time since I felt that a lad had such a clear call. I had been wondering if there was to be no more inspiration."

They promised Gideon shelter in a part of a house on the campus. He went back to Flavilla triumphant. Now was Gideon the very sword of the Lord.

In the quiet country neighborhood his return, the projected wedding, such projects for a lad of no property caused the wildest excitement. Flavilla, from scarce more than a drudge, at once became the most envied girl in the township. Her setting-out was discussed far and near. She had many presents from women who thought that by helping her, they gave directly to the Lord. Meetings were held to help her sew and it was from these grew that idea that afterwards caused such a sensation at the college.

The neighborhood religion had been for years a dead letter. The small country church with its pulpit reached by a winding stair, its benches black with age, had not been opened for many years. Now a sentiment grew to open it one Sunday during the summer and Gideon was asked to conduct a service by a committee of grave men.

"I am but entering college," he cried, this lad who had plowed from sunrise, "I know nothing yet of what I expect to learn. Men, it will be seven years before I am fit to teach the word of the Lord."

"The Lord will tell you what to say," said a very old man who remembered his grandfather, "and we have no other to speak to us, Gideon."

He promised to give them an answer on the morrow and went to see Flavilla. There was no happier woman than she those days. She was sitting at her sewing when Gideon came in, humming a quaint country ditty. He thought her a changed woman. Surely, she had never seemed so handsome in the olden days of toil and anxiety. He told her what the people asked. Its full meaning dawned upon her.

"You must do this thing, Gideon," she said, after a silence, "it will help both you and the people."

"But a sermon?"

Flavilla struggled with the thought. To her mind a sermon meant deep knowledge, research, feeling, conviction. Had not she talked these things over with Gideon since they were boy and girl together? The very fact of long, continued thought upon these subjects served well now.

"There will be nothing expected of you that you are not ready for," she told him after a time, "and since you cannot talk of great things, would it not be as well to speak of those at hand? Don't preach. You ain't fit. You're just a common man now. Talk man to man.

"And, Gideon, dear," she went on, "don't forget to talk a little to us women. We need lots o' God. It's a God for every day we want."

He only said, after a silence, "Flavilla, I guess I'll go on home."

She understood him. They walked down to the gate together. There was a dark evergreen tree there and he kissed her solemnly.

"Flavilla, you must wear your bride dress. And sit all alone on the front bench."

He still had his misgivings as to the propriety of his proceeding. The next morning he wrote a misspelled letter to the college president asking him for advice. Sunday came and no reply had reached him.

The interest in the meeting was widespread. It was a Sunday in late August and the little church was filled, the overflow standing about the doors and windows. Flavilla had chosen some of her old school mates to practice hymns with her. Their musical knowledge was limited but it would help. They sat on the second bench in their clean summer array. On the first bench, alone, sat Flavilla. She wore the white dress she was to be married in, and a simple hat. When the house was full, Gideon walked in. He wore his new black suit, but looked like a true son of toil, a lad from the very midst of the people. Flavilla started a hymn, all sang who could, then Gideon read, not any too well, a portion of the Scriptures. Afterwards he stepped down from the pulpit and stood almost among them.

Gideon will never preach such a sermon again. He has gone from field and wood and pasture to more conventional paths. Never again will he walk between an actual living, human Christ and an actual, breathing community as on that day of his boyhood. He talked. God-life in common life in common ways, was made real. In the morning, at noon, in the tired hours of the evening, at toil, in dealing, in birth, life and death Christ-life was depicted. Then Gideon spoke a few sentences of his own future hopes and asked all to keep him in prayerful remembrance.

The silent and stolid people were more moved than they cared to show. Old men wrung his hand, women looked at him with misty eyes. Flavilla's tears ran down her cheeks as she bravely started the last hymn.

But, while the people reluctantly filed out, there strode into the church a man of presence, of speech. He put his arm about Gideon's shoulders, and looked at him with proud eyes.

"The Lord was with you," said the college president. The strange letter had brought him hither.

Gideon is now a great preacher. His own and Flavilla's dreams were nothing in comparison to the reality. They still tell at the college of his hard study, Flavilla's aid and comradeship and of the wagon load of provisions that came to them every few months from their old neighborhood. They still tell of Gideon's gift of speech, his honors, what a credit he is to the college. If you ask the secret of his mission, he looks at Flavilla and says,

"I try to tell of an every day God and as man to man."

War Strategy and Chess.

The affinity between strategy and chess, recognized by Napoleon, is not very surprising, notes the London Chronicle. The game seems to have chrystallized out of some old—perhaps prehistoric—military system akin to that overthrown by Alexander at the Hydaspes. Of that battle Arrian has left us a most spirited picture, in which we can now recognize a singular touch of modernity—the long line of Indian elephants wading, tanklike, into the Macedonian Phalanx. Probably at its birth chess was a branch of military education rather than a form of amusement; and the various early changes in the game, of which we have record, were doubtless attempts to keep the instruction up to date and abreast with current alterations in armament and tactics.

U. S. Marines Dig Potatoes.

Consul John B. Terres, in a report from Port au Prince, Haiti, states that the cultivation of white potatoes was carried on extensively in the mountain regions of the island by members of the United States marine corps, and that it is probable they will be able to export the product of their labor to the United States. They have large tracts of land on which they raised all kinds of vegetables.—Commerce Reports.

AGRICULTURAL ANT OF TEXAS

Creatures Are Regular Farmers and Their Homes Are Marvels of Skill and Strength.

Texas has many varieties of the ant family. Out on the "Llano Estacado," or Staked Plain, they are so numerous that their hills look like the billows of a rolling sea.

One of the most powerful and formidable insects in the Southwest is the agricultural ant of Texas, observes a naturalist. These busy creatures are regular farmers, and their homes are marvels of architectural skill and strength.

Think of a house from 12 to 15 feet high, built by a little ant, and which is so strong and well supported that cattle and buffaloes can walk over it and yet not crush in this wonderful dome.

It is said that if a horse, in proportion to his size, could leap as far as a flea, that in one jump he would go clear around the world. Now, if a man constructed a house according to the same proportions of an ant's domicile, it would be more than a mile high.

These agricultural ants, next to a bee, are the most industrious creatures on earth. They sow, reap and garner just like farmers, and during the warm season lay by sufficient store for winter's use.

WORK OF MOTHER NATURE

Formation of Cubes and Patterns, Perfectly Symmetrical, Characteristic of Gem-Stones.

The original geometrician was Mother Nature. Observe her work in the making of crystals. Each kind of gemstone crystallizes on a certain pattern of its own, perfectly symmetrical; it is the same way with metals when they form crystals, says a writer.

If a cupful of salt and water be allowed to evaporate slowly in a cool place, the salt will take the form of ever so many cubes, each one of them perfect.

One mineral in crystallizing will invariably take the shape of an octahedron, another of a dodecahedron. Yet another will assume the form of a multitude of cubes, perhaps half an inch on an edge, with a chip accurately cut off of each corner. It seems like a joke.

Gold and silver crystallize as cubes. A crystal of iron sulphide resembles in shape a wild rose. Water has its own crystalline forms, like any other mineral. Ice, of course, is a kind of rock—as much a rock as granite—but is remarkable for its low melting point. This is lucky for us, because this rock, in a molten condition, furnishes us with drink.

Homage Paid Joan of Arc.

Old and new were reunited when Orleans and New Orleans met in the fifteenth century hotel de ville of the city on the Loire at the heart of France recently, says a Paris correspondent. The bicentenary of the new world city was the occasion of the United States delegates' visit. Homage was paid to Joan of Arc, the champion of the medieval struggle for freedom. She was the subject of French and American speeches, and flowers and a bronze palm leaf were laid at the foot of her statue. A pilgrimage, too, was made to the fort of Tourelles, so famous in the defense of the city by the maid. The events of those far-gone centuries served as a distant romantic background to the present struggle, in which the most recent figures to appear on a crowded canvas are those of the United States soldiers on the Flanders front. Side by side with the mention of medieval names and events were heard, in the old halls of Orleans, those of President Wilson and the battle of the Marne.

Just as Easy.

Two commercial travelers, while on a train on the Oregon Electric railway, got into an argument over the action of the automatic brake.

"It's the inflation of the tube that stops the train," declared the first traveler.

"Wrong, wrong!" shouted the second. "It's the output of the exhaustion."

So they wrangled for an hour. Then, when the train arrived at the station they agreed to submit the matter for settlement to the motorman. That gentleman, leaning condescendingly from the door of his car, listened with an attentive frown to the two travelers' statement of their argument. Then he smiled, shook his head, and said:

"Well, gents, ye're both wrong about the working of the vacuum brake. Yet it's very simple and easy to understand. When we want to stop the train we just turn this 'ere tap, and then we fill the pipe with vacuum."

Coal Production in France.

Recent figures of coal production in France, an industry of which the department of the Loire, in the St. Etienne consular district, is an important producing center, with an annual output of over 3,000,000 tons, show an increase from 1,800,000 tons in November, 1916, to 2,367,000 tons in March, 1917, says the Scientific American, and a total increase in production and importation of from 3,400,000 tons in January, 1917, to over 4,000,000 tons in May. This gain was made possible by a readjustment of mine workers and a closer study of transportation problems. The movement of coal by motor lorries, in addition to other commodities by a fleet of heavy motor trucks purchased and operated by the city of St. Etienne, is a recently inaugurated service which has aided distribution and relief of congestion materially.

REINDEER OF THE FAR NORTH

Herd of Animals Imported Several Years Ago From Labrador Have Greatly Increase in Numbers.

Though perhaps most of us, young and old, associate reindeer chiefly with Santa's jingling bells, still there are, besides the dear, familiar phantom reindeer, the very real reindeer who are serving a very real and much-needed mission among the people of the far North, among whom Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell works and lives his life of brotherly aid and uplift, Mary M. Davis writes in Our Dumb Animals.

About six years ago Doctor Grenfell imported from Labrador a herd of reindeer, number about 400, which during their six years in Newfoundland have increased to somewhere between 700 and 1,000. The idea of bringing them from their native Lapland was suggested to Doctor Grenfell by the great abundance of reindeer moss in Newfoundland. The reasons for the experiment are many and far reaching.

The reindeer are valuable, not only for their rich and delicious milk—which would be a boon indeed to the dwellers of that northern part of Newfoundland in which Doctor Grenfell works—but also are invaluable as beasts of burden. In every way they are as well adapted to the requirements of the North as are the Komatik dogs, which in many ways are an absolute menace to the development of the country.

WEEKLY DATA ON MORTALITY

Statistics of Principal Cities Now Issued Regularly by the United States Census Bureau.

A weekly circular giving the mortality statistics of the principal cities of the United States is now issued regularly by the United States census bureau, says the Scientific American. It gives the total number of deaths reported (stillbirths excluded), the death rate per thousand, number of deaths of infants under one year of age, and the proportion of infant deaths to total deaths.

The cities for which data are given include one-fifth the population of the country. Thus the circular is a fairly accurate index to the state of the nation's health. Its uses are manifold. It will show local health authorities how their home towns stand in comparison with other towns in respect to mortality and when a town has a bad record the publicity given to the fact should spur the authorities to seek the cause and remove it. Insurance companies will find the reports of interest. The circular is issued in Washington every Tuesday, and is distributed free of charge.

A Bad Lot.

Senator Weeks, apropos of the Luxburg, Bernstorff, Von Igel and other German exposures, said in Washington a short time ago:

"Germany seems to approve the unexampled wickedness of her sons. She reminds me of the old man at the club.

"An old man sat reading a newspaper in a club while a group of young fellows talked excitedly about the marvelous power for lying possessed by a certain Jack Courtenay. When their talk ceased the old man cleared his throat and said:

"'Gentlemen, I have just heard you decide that Jack Courtenay is the biggest liar in the United States. I am his father.'

"A young man, very red in the face, started to apologize, but the old boy said:

"'No, no; don't apologize. It isn't necessary. I merely wanted to say, gentlemen, that if you consider my son Jack the biggest liar in the United States, it's very evident that you have never met my other son, Jim.'"

Wonder World.

Surgeon Gen. Sir A. Sloggett, who has recently been made a K. C. M. G. by King George, is responsible for the following:

Mamma, it appears, was one day biting her fingernails at dessert, and little Johnny was moved to ask the reason why.

"Nervousness, dear," answered his mother. "It made me so uneasy to see you swallow your grapes whole that I didn't know what I was doing. You'll get appendicitis, if you're not careful."

A few days later, however, Johnny's mother was herself taken ill, and the case was diagnosed as appendicitis.

An operation was performed and the patient was relieved. The surgeon discovered that what had caused the trouble was the presence of a small piece of fingernail in the appendix.

"It was all your fault, Johnny," she said. "This would never have happened if you hadn't swallowed those grapes whole."

How Bombs Are Dropped.

The bomb-dropping mechanism of a Zeppelin captured by the British was described in a recent number of the London Sphere. There are 60 bomb droppers for conical bombs. The base is slung in straps, and there is a strap around the neck. The latter has a releasing hook, and when the hook is operated the small end first drops down and the base slides out of its straps. The bomb then rights itself and drops base downward. The bombs are slung in one or two lines along the under side of the mail hull. The releasing hook is operated by an electromagnet, and there is a small switchboard in the cabin for controlling the release. Each bomb has a separate switch. The bombs can be released by hand levers also in case the electric means fail. Each bomb has a safety device and is not "alive" until it has dropped several hundred feet.

The French government has undertaken to supply the depleted ranks of the farmers and to give assistance to the amateur farmer by means of a correspondence course, which has been eagerly received. The pupil receives instructions as to a course of reading, the management of a small experimental plot, the carrying out of simple experiments, visits to neighboring farms, etc. The Union of Agricultural Syndicates, which has assumed charge of this work for the government, has appointed a number of "monitors" to supervise the work of pupils. The pupils prepare monthly examination papers and render monthly reports.

To Reduce Airplane Explosions.

Airplanes equipped with machine guns run a certain degree of risk from an explosion caused by the flame at the muzzle of the gun. Hence considerable study has been devoted to obviating this danger, and a young Florentine chemist is said to have recently given a demonstration before an Italian military commission of a new powder invented by him which burns without either flame or smoke and does not flare on detonation.

Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

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It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor, Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

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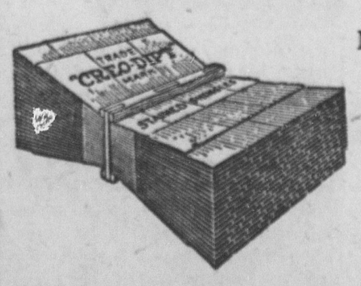

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Here and There.

Martin Gilbert, of Wolf's Store, was taken to the hospital at Danville Friday.

Mrs. S. S. Blair, of Tyrone, who is well known to the older residents in Bellefonte, is quite ill.

H. W. Irvin was in Bellefonte from Saturday until Tuesday on business for the Nickel-Alloys Co., of Clearfield.

Saturday, District Attorney James C. Furst went to Williamsport and spent the Sabbath with his family who has been visiting there. Monday afternoon they all came to Bellefonte.

Miss Lillian Walker, who has been working in a large millinery establishment in New York City, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Walker, on east Linn Street.

David J. Meyer and wife, of Centre Hall, left Wednesday for Columbus, S. C., to spend the remainder of the winter with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCormick.

I. J. Dreese and John Wirts, of College Township, transacted business in town on Monday. Seemingly the blizzard that held things generally in its grip had no terrors for them.

John M. Horner, better known as "Jack" Horner, who had been Y. M. C. A. secretary at State College, left Tuesday for France, where he has been assigned to duty in the Army Y M. C. A. work.

"Billy" Garman, of Bellefoute, laughs when you say anything to him about the coming groundhog day. He says the pesky animal will have nothing on the weather we have been having during the last month.

Ray Durst, of Centre Hall, a graduate of the Bellefonte High school, has been appointed to teach the grammar school at Potters Mills. County superintendent D. O. Etters gave him a very flattering recommendation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kellerman, who had been visiting friends in Bellefonte, left Tuesday morning for Coalport, where Mr. Kellerman is employed. At one time Charlie was in the employ of the State-Centre Electric Co. He is a good, steady fellow and his friends were glad to see him.

Deaconess Newbold, of Lancaster, a returned missionary of the Episcopal church, doing religious work in Japan, was in Bellefonte Monday afternoon and made an interesting address in the parish house before the Women's Guild of St. John's Episcopal church. She left Tuesday morning.

John Schorr, chief engineer for the Public Service Co., at Millersburg, Dauphin County, was a visitor in Bellefonte over Sunday as a guest of Howard Thompson, general superintendent of both the State-Centre and the Public Service Electric Light Companies. Mr. Schorr is a very valuable man and is doing excellent work for the company which he represents. Besides this he is a gentleman and a scholar.

Monday morning Mrs. J. H. Rider, of Bellefonte, received a letter from her niece, Ruth Steele, of Newcastle, stating both her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Steele, were seriously ill and the attending physician was very doubtful of her father's recovery, who has been suffering from pneumonia. He is a brother of "Brit" Steele, and a half-brother to Mrs. Rider. The relatives here didn't know where the family resided and the sad news was a great surprise to them.

The next W. C. T. U. thimble-bee will be held at Mrs. W. F. Carson's home on Reynolds Avenue, tomorrow (Friday) afternoon. A large attendance is desired. The call for the special many-tailed bandages, which the W. C. T. U. makes for the British Emergency Aid, is urgent, and at this "bee" the making of these will be resumed; also other articles. Latest suggestions for war relief work, from the National W. C. T. U., will be given as data, what is most needed, and where it should be sent.

Rev. Elmer Lynn Williams, who was born and raised near Martha, is making quite a record for himself. For eight years he had been pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and in his efforts to assist in cleaning up the Windy City by fighting the saloon he was called the "Fighting Parson." He is said to be the most forcible temperance speaker on the American platform, and is now in Washington, D. C., at the head of the Methodist Episcopal Temperance Board. Friday evening he speaks at a big temperance rally in the Emory Methodist Episcopal Church at Pittsburgh.

Monday evening Wilbur Baney, the gentlemanly and courteous clerk in Harry Yerger's shoe store, with his family, were at the home of his father-in-law, Michael Lamb, on North Allegheny Street. While there the entire family was taken suddenly ill. They hurried to their home on Curtin Street, where Mr. Baney, his wife and two children become worse, and Mr. Baney was compelled to go to bed and practically remain there until Wednesday morning. They do not know the cause unless they had eaten something Sunday that poisoned them. However, they cannot think what it could have been. They are all right now and feel no after-effects.

Graff Stewart, of Lock Haven, has moved to State College and has taken charge of the Heffner drug store.

James Smoyer, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday at Avis, Lycoming county, where he went to see his sister, Mrs. Stover, who has been quite ill for a week or more.

Malin Baird, of Camp Hancock, arrived in Milesburg Sunday on a ten day furlough. He was called home on account of the illness of his mother who has pneumonia.

W. H. Dennis passed through Bellefonte Monday afternoon on his way to his home at Bradford. He is a student at State College and while wrestling the other day had the bone of his right ankle broken.

"Joe" Thal, of Bellefonte, has been engaged for several days in hauling sawdust from Hunter's Park to fill his ice house in the rear of his store on High Street. That means more ice cream cones next summer.

Saturday night water pipes on the second floor of Crider's Exchange froze up and Sunday afternoon they thawed out and gave W. S. Zeller, the druggist, a little shower bath. The water came down in the rear end of the store but it was not enough to do any particular damage.

Ross Hickok, son-in-law of Mrs. D H. Hastings, of Bellefonte, is fuel administrator of Dauphin County. He resides at Harrisburg and has his hands full. He says the coal situation in the Capitol City has become acute. He wrote to State Administrator Potter for permission to take twenty-four cars of coal that stood on the track between Steelton and Highspire.

Sunday evening Mrs. Samuel Fleming, nee Miss Sarah Hastings, returned to Bellefonte after her wedding trip. Her husband, after being off on a furlough, has gone back to Camp Meade while Mrs. Fleming came to Bellefonte to nurse her fractured wrist which was her misfortune to receive on the evening she was married. The injury was examined by specialists who gave her the assurance that with care it would come around all right.

Miss Jane Hafer, formerly of Bellefonte, a trained nurse of more than ordinary ability, who has been over in France working in the interest of the Red Cross, was to have reached America on or about Christmas, but up until last Friday had not put in her appearance. She has been quite ill and is coming home for a rest. Her delay has caused considerable uneasiness among her friends both in New York City and Bellefonte.

Three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keller are engaged in military service and all three are making rapid advancement. J. Orvis Keller has been commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Ordnance, stationed at present at State College. Ellis Keller was recently advanced to a sergeant of ordnance at Camp Hancock. Charles Scott, also of Bellefonte, was given a similar promotion. Henry Keller was one of three members of what was formerly Troop L to be appointed to the officers training camp, which gives him an opportunity to win a commission.

Trude Bidwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bidwell, of Bellefonte, who is somewhere sailing the sea, on one of Uncle Sam's big gun boats, has been advanced recently to Lieutenant Commander which is next to the Captain. His wife, was formerly Miss Alpha Hafer, of Bellefonte. Mrs. Bidwell and her two children are in New York City and Trude has not been able to get to see them in the last five months. The family however are comfortably located and are getting along very nicely under the circumstances.

Last Saturday night County Treasurer David Chambers departed for Rochester, Minn., expecting to undergo an operation in the hospital of the Drs. Mayo, the noted surgeons. He was accompanied by Judge Quigley, and at Pittsburgh they were joined by Dr. Robert Grier, of Butler, well known here and a Penn State graduate. In Pittsburgh they encountered the most discouraging conditions, due to the heavy blizzard that had been sweeping from the West to the Atlantic coast. A freight wreck near Curtin delayed the departure of Mr. Chambers and Judge Quigley from Bellefonte five hours or more, and when they finally arrived in Pittsburgh it was to learn that they would be unable to get a train to Chicago for eighteen hours, at least, and that a wait of three days or longer at Chicago for a train for Minnesota would be unvoidable. Their first thought was to remain over in Pittsburgh, but due to storm conditions passenger traffic had become so congested that hotel quarters in that city were simply out of the question. They managed to find shelter over night at the home of a friend of Dr. Grier at East Liberty, and then returned to Bellefonte. They will try it again on Saturday, by which time it is expected traffic will be less congested to Minnesota. For a year or more Mr. Chambers has been suffering from intestinal trouble, following an operation for appendicitis. For the last few months he has been dieting and in other ways preparing to be operated on by the Drs. Mayo, should it be decided after his arrival at Rochester that an operation is the best method to overcome the dfficulty.

R. T. Comley, of Fleming, was a business visitor in town Saturday.

Mrs. Henrietta Kline left Saturday for Tyrone to visit her daughter, Mrs. Media Wian.

Miss Gertrude Bouse, of Tyrone, who has a number of friends in Bellefonte, is seriously ill.

The John P. Eckel meat market on Wednesday handled a number of dressed pigs, one of which weighed 361 pounds.

William Stewart, of Seattle, Wash., was an arrival in Bellefonte Wednesday to visit with his mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, on West Linn Street.

The new cheese factory at Axe-Mann started on Tuesday of this week and those interested are much pleased with the excellent way the new enterprise is starting off.

Robert Cole, Jr., of Bellefonte, who some time ago enlisted in ambulance service, recently sailed for France. Word to that effect has been received here by Mrs. Robert Cole.

Stepping from the back porch down into the yard of his residence, Joseph L. Holter, one of Howard's venerable citizens, slipped and fell in such a manner as to badly sprain and tear the ligaments of one of his knees.

Mrs. Tammy Jones, of Scotland, S. D., and her brothers, W. B. and A. A. Haines, of Altoona, Iowa, who attended the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Amanda Haines, which took place last week at Aaronsburg, left for their homes Saturday.

Wilbur Hoy, who was a clerk in Green's drug store, and who recently spent several weeks at State College, Waddle and Bellefonte, has returned to Philadelphia, where he is a student at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. He is a bright young man and is getting along very nicely.

J. Linn Blackford, who was manager of the Nittany Theatre Co., at State College has resigned and is succeeded by Ralph Edmunds, who until recently has been manager of the Little Theatre in Philadelphia. It is said that Mr. Blackford has several good offers but has not decided which he will take.

Rev. Walter Fay Carson, who has been veay efficiently filling the Presbyterian pulpits at Port Matilda, Unionville, Howard and Jacksonville, has resigned and will go to Holmesburg, near Philadelphia. This is his old home and this it is very complimentary to be called back there to preach the gospel.

Miss Margaret Cook was an arrival home Monday night from Philadelphia and New York. Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, who has been visiting since the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, will depart today for her home in Chicago, provided traffic conditions show some improvement over the earlier period of the week.

As you go along the streets and meet Dr. J. R. Ward, William Chambers or F. H. Thomas, president of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian church, and see them laugh out of the corner of their mouth you can come to the conclusion everything is coming their way. They received a car of soft coal this week which was divided between them and thats why they "grin."

An old-fashioned revival service is in progress in the Second United Brethren church of Altoona. Rev. C. W. Winey, formerly pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church, is in charge and from what people say he is bringing the dead bones to life again. He is striking right from the shoulder and is calling a spade a spade. He is standing as a watchman to warn transgressors of the errors of their ways.

Daniel Clemson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clemson, of Buffalo Run, who left Bellefonte with Troop L for Camp Hancock, arrived home Tuesday on an indefinite furlough. He had been ill in the hospital for some time with trouble of the stomach and was sent home to recuperate. It is very likely that in the near future he will have his case diagnosed through the use of the X-ray. When well he enjoyed camp life and was sorry when compelled to leave.

Roy Uhl, book-keeper for the Bellefonte branch of Lauderbach & Zerby, wholesale grocers, is waiting for "Uncle Sam" to call him into service which may be any day, as he is in the first draft. To provide for any emergency of this kind Miss Pauline Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy Johnston, of this place has entered the office to acquaint herself with the clerical part of the business so when Roy is called she can step into his "shoes." Miss Johnston is exceptionally bright and thus the selection is a good one.

Charles Gates, Lester Musser and Sam Rhinesmith of the Headquarter Co., 109th Field Artillery, and Frank Smith, of Co. A. 107th Machine Gun Artillery, all of Bellefonte have been transferred from Camp Hancock to the ordnance department at Watervliet Arsenal, Watervliet, N. Y. Messrs. Gates and Musser arrived in Bellefonte Sunday night in the bus from Lock Haven and remained until Tuesday when they departed to take up their new line of work. Mr. Rhinesmith is on the job and Frank Smith will go there after he gets out of the hasphospital where he has been suffering from a severe cold. He also expects to spend a short time in Bellefonte before he takes up his new work.

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

Mules For Sale!
Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.
JOE KINDIG

—"and here's your Ætna check"

Mighty nice of the folk to bring flowers and fruit. But of all the gifts, nothing is so comforting as this Ætna check for $250 every four weeks.

I've had some siege of it here—over two months since the boiler explosion in the factory. Doubt if I'd have pulled through if my mind hadn't been at ease about my family. Knew, too, that if I did pass out, they'd be taken care of with the $15,000 they'd get, in indemnity and increases, from my ÆTNA DISABILITY POLICY.

As it is, even when I get home, every four weeks $200 will be coming to me while I'm in bed and then $25 a week until I'm able to tackle the job again.

Often takes an experience like this to make a man want to

ÆTNA-IZE

It's a wonder a husky fellow like myself had the forethought. But you never can tell when sickness or accident will grab you—and I wanted to do the right thing by Mae and the kids. Besides, it costs so little. Write, call or 'phone today.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

WANTED!
Freight Brakemen and Locomotive Firemen
Williamsport Division P. R. R.
Send applications for positions as brakemen to D. B. Brubaker, Assistant Train Master, Sunbury, Pa.
Send applications for positions as firemen to, C. V. Pelton, Road Foreman of engines, Sunbury, Pa.

SPECIALS THIS WEEK AT
Weaver Brothers Store
Copes Dried Corn 30c pound 3 pounds 80c.
(Pure and Wholesome)
CALIFORNIA PEACHES
Golden Spike Brand, Good Quality — 2 lbs. 25c.
California English Walnuts — 30c. lb.
Almonds — 25c. lb.
WEAVER BROTHERS
Quality Grocers - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Bigger than any Blizzard
If you're a man of big purpose you want all your energy. You dont want to waste any of it keeping warm.
The ulster's your overcoat; its purpose is big ---to keep you warm. And it will do it.
It's here in those "warmth without weight" fabrics and made by
Hart Schaffner & Marx
You know what that means; all-wool, of course, and fine style and tailoring.
You can get a great coat, a chesterfield, a military overcoat, or a Balmaccan if you dont want an ulster. You can get anything you want. We've got it. We're overcoat headquarters.
Montgomery & Co.
BELLEFONTE - - STATE COLLEGE